

# STAY AWAKE.



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Surf's Up! .....	3
schwa transmission .....	4
the Shadows of Ideas .....	6
on the trail of GURDJIEFF in Paris .....	10
Surfing the Collapsing Waves of Consciousness .....	13
Shards of the Diamond Matrix .....	17
the Bubble of Simulation .....	23
Weird Science goes Camping: area51 viewer's guide .....	27
X-Files .....	28
(alleged) UFO crashes .....	29
ET modem home! ufo resources in c-space .....	31
TiM .....	34
Outer Puzzles in Love Space .....	39
STAY AWAKE .....	41
mailart installation: Negativland .....	42
so U-wanna-B a Cultural Provocateur? .....	43
War in Heaven is Hell .....	45
the Synchroni City WHGA Wake-Up Show .....	47
Outreach to the Unconnected .....	48
mAIL-oRDER giZMOS .....	49

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# how-to cope with *fringeware*



Once upon a time, there was a cute lil' company called *FringeWare*, with a whole bunch of nice people who wanted to show how notions of community and economics could be reformulated around developments in postmodern media theory. If this sounds like too many big words, then you can just ask your mom or else learn it from the big, mean kids on the street. The real truth is that Janis Joplin slept with each and every one of us, and now some Irish band wants to sue us because of that, but please don't tell your mom since it's secret!



Anyways...fortunately, *FringeWare* has a lot of really good friends, like *Instant Stick Person*, *Mo'key Boy*, *Punk Blob*, *Registration Mark*, *Cute Lil' Bunny* and *Rover* and *Glovey* and *Happy!* You can visit many of these friends right here in these pages. But to find *Rover*, you'll need to go *online*...that's where good little girls and boys and robots travel when they access the wonders of Internet. All over the world, people use computer networks to engage in discussions, read news, share information and more. What you need to start is: a personal computer, a modem and some kind of communications software. Using this kind of equipment to access computer networks is called going *online*. When you begin to explore the online world, you'll find

a wealth of publicly available resources and diverse communities. You see, not only is *FringeWare* a cute 'zine and a nice bunch of people, but also a mail-order company and a collection of online services, and a community based around all of the above; based around the esthetics of DIY and sustainable options which don't involve big companies or big governments or big dogmas.

So buy our magazines: a four-issue subscription to *FWR* costs \$15 (NAFTA) and \$25 (Int'l); send check or money order drawn in US\$ to the address listed below—to stay informed about the Fringe. Also, check out the wares in our *catalog*—some sample product listings begin on p.51, and the rest of our friendly catalog is available online. *FringeWare* hosts an *email list* on Internet, too—free to the public, worldwide—where you can “hear” and “talk” about the latest twists from the Fringes of art, technology and society: several hundred interesting people, great signal/noise ratio, moderated for brevity, with tasty morsels of Fringe info from around the planet, etc. We also provide public archives full of useful information resources. Take a look using these tools and our access points for them—



WorldWideWeb (mosaic, lynx, etc.):

<http://io.com/commercial/fringeware/home.html>

Gopher:

[gopher io.com](mailto:gopher@io.com) (look under the **COMMERCIAL** menu)

Anonymous FTP:

[ftp io.com](ftp://io.com/pub/fwi) (in the /pub/fwi directory)

Wanna participate? Even if you don't have access to tools such as WWW, gopher or FTP, try sending email to *Rover* at the following Internet address—put the word **HELP** as the body of your email message, and you'll receive more details in return:  
[fringeware-request@io.com](mailto:fringeware-request@io.com)

Please check out our *FWR* writers' guidelines and vendor forms there, or you can send email to [fringeware@io.com](mailto:fringeware@io.com) just to say howdy. Because the world is changing, and your t.v. doesn't love you anymore. Gee, thank you for your attention, and have a Fringeful day!







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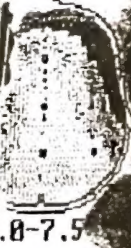
by Jon Lebkowsky, [jonl@lo.com](mailto:jonl@lo.com)







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# the SHADOWS of ideas

## a Distant Glimpse of GURDJIEFF

by John Shirley

A young woman from California, so the story goes, was listening to a talk given by a spiritual master who happened to be in the Sufi tradition. The master was very old; the woman very young. Finally, after a long lecture, the chirpy, beaming young lady piped up from the back, "But what about LOVE?! You haven't said much about LOOOOOVVVVE!"

"What did you say, young lady?"

"I said, What about Love?"

"And what is that?"

"You mean—you're asking me what Love is?! Love is...LOOOOVVE! Love! LOVE! Love is...well...Don't you know what it is?"

"Yes," he said. "But I don't discuss it with people who can't identify it."

+

What is love? What is life? What is death? We're in the midst of life; we're all going to die; we all have had experience of love, or we think we have. Do we really know what any of these things are? And, equally important, do we know how to ask the questions so that we can have some hope of finding the answers?

There was a man who provided a body of ideas which both asked the questions and foreshadowed the answers. Some answers he gave forthrightly, and these, if true, are very startling indeed. This man was born in Russian Armenia, probably in 1866, and died in 1949, in Paris,

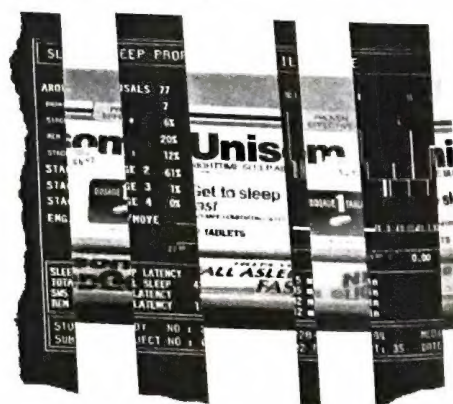
his biographer, James Moore. "Every atom of stoicism inculcated in him by [his father] was mobilized."

In the course of his years of seeking, Gurdjieff fell ill with some of the most pugnacious micro-organisms the East could muster; and more than once he was grievously wounded by stray bullets, as he skirted the edges of wars and revolutions. He spent years in monasteries in Central Asia, including a spiritual community in the mountains of Bokhara, the Hindu Kush of Afghanistan; he was apparently in close contact with mystics tucked away in the esoteric circles of the Russian Orthodox orders; he studied in Tibet and India. Eventually he returned to Russia, and found students in Moscow and St. Petersburg, not least of these the famous PD Ouspensky, author of *Tertium Organum* and a partial exegesis of Gurdjieff's system, *In Search of the Miraculous: Fragments of an Unknown Teaching*. Ouspensky later broke with Gurdjieff, and formulated his own (but highly derivative) version of the teaching. Both he and Gurdjieff called the system The Fourth Way.

It seems likely that some of Gurdjieff's ideas sprang from his own brilliant powers of observation, investigation and syncretization. But there are Christian mystics who claim Gurdjieff's teaching is exposed Christian Mysticism. There are Sufis (Islamic mystics) who claim that it is essentially a Sufi teaching. One Sufi teacher told me

In light of this resonant consistency, there is perhaps no hubris in Gurdjieff's having titled his cycle of books: *ALL AND EVERYTHING*.

Despite parallels in other esoteric traditions, Gurdjieff's teaching is a special balance of Western rationality and Eastern gnosis. Gurdjieff ridiculed occultists, and warned about charlatanism. Gurdjieff scholar and Professor of Philosophy Jacob Needleman asserts, "For Gurdjieff the deeply penetrating influence of scientific thought in modern life was not something merely to be deplored, but to be understood as the channel through which the eternal Truth must first find its way to the human heart." Gurdjieff asked that his students verify, repeatedly, the reality of their esoteric perceptions. Since we're in a constant state of self-deception anyway, he knew how easily—indeed, how inevitably—the imagination would distort esoteric work. "In most cases," Gurdjieff remarked to Ouspensky, "what is called 'cosmic consciousness' is simply fantasy, associative daydreaming connected with intensified work of the emotional center...a subjective emotional experience of the level of dreams." As he told his students at his Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man, "If you have not by nature a critical mind, your staying here is useless."



A caveat. Gurdjieff drew a sharp distinction between knowledge, in the ordinary sense, and understanding. Understanding, he maintained, real understanding, requires a significant degree of inner being. A computer cannot process certain things without enough RAM; a man cannot understand certain ideas fully unless he has enough sheer Being. And some ideas must be understood with one's whole being.

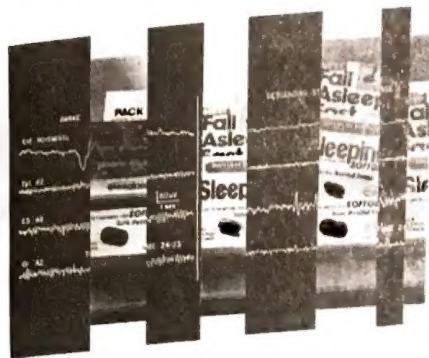
Whatever its origins, Gurdjieff's "unknown teaching" is vast, complex, many layered, and yet somehow, tellingly consistent, from layer to layer; profoundly all of a piece.

whence he had led his followers to escape the Bolsheviks and the murderous chaos of the Russian Revolution. His name was George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff. He was, some said, a mystic; he was surely a philosopher, and a teacher. He spent decades traveling Asia Minor and the far East seeking real answers to real questions. Why are we here? Is there a God? What happens after death? Are there higher levels of being? In his Seeking, "Gurdjieff was utterly possessed by his aim," says

that Gurdjieff was preparing the West for Sufism; possibly some of Gurdjieff's adherents feel that Sufism was preparing the world for Gurdjieff. Others intuit that the core of his teaching derives from a mystic school that predates all known religions and sects; a teaching that may be the taproot of all esoteric teachings. Whatever its origins, Gurdjieff's "unknown teaching" is vast, complex, many layered, and yet, somehow, tellingly consistent, from layer to layer; profoundly all of a piece.



I, personally, understand little. I can't hope to convey more than faint shadows of these ideas and I make no testimony as to their rightness, except to verify that Gurdjieff's ideas resonate with a kind of philosophical verisimilitude almost without parallel.



Common sense supposes that to understand why we're alive—what constitutes the cosmos and our place in it—we ought to start with ourselves. We ought to know ourselves; this was the advice of the classic philosophers—who seemed to understand that it was easier said than done.

Under the usual conditions, Gurdjieff bluntly informs us, we cannot know ourselves, for the simple reason that we are asleep. We are asleep, even when we imagine that we are awake. Man is a machine, Gurdjieff tells us, with characteristic unsentimentality, an automaton of reactions and reactions to the reactions. We imagine ourselves building, creating, moving alertly through the world: we are kidding ourselves.

We are, says Gurdjieff, lost in waking dreams and rigorously tracked neurotic fixations; when we think we are "doing" we are simply caught up in complex, fantasy-tinged reacting. We are asleep. We are not free.

There are three traditional paths to awakening. The first Way is the way of the fakir, demanding physical control and excruciating asceticism; the second is the Way of the monk: the way of devotion, faith, the heart; the third is the Way of the yogi: the path of knowledge, of mind. Gurdjieff's own Fourth Way combines elements of the first three, and is further distinct in that it calls its practitioners to work within themselves while functioning in the ordinary, workaday world. It requires no monastic withdrawal from life—ordinary life is its resource, its basic material. "I wish to create," Gurdjieff wrote, "conditions in which a man would be continuously reminded of the sense and aim of his existence by an unavoidable friction between his conscience and the automatic manifestations of his nature." In ordinary

life each and every encounter, lived consciously, can teach us something about ourselves.

Gurdjieff called us "three-brained beings", each "brain" corresponding to an inner center: the intellectual center, the emotional center, the body-ruling instinctive/moving center. Each of these three centers is divided into sub-centers, for example, the intellectual segment of the instinctive center, which does most of our so-called "thinking" for us. Much of our "thinking" is simply a lower center's mis-use of intellectual faculties, a squandering of inner energies in desire-based brain activity. All our Centers are similarly imbalanced. The Fourth Way calls us to work on all three Centers at once, harmonizing them into one con-

identities", bullying little "I's", each "I" with its own agenda, each some facet of the distracting costume-jewelry of the false personality.

If someone flatters us, one "I" takes the helm, an "I" which feels good about itself, and responds positively to the flatterer; if someone speaks ill of us, another, more resentful "I" emerges and responds angrily. We are in a "good mood" if "good" things happen to us; a "bad mood" or "depressed" when we get negative input. We have no truly consistent being. Each bullying "I" is like a program, a software engaged in running a specific response that has been triggered by specific input. Our disconnectedness with our actual, essential self prevents us from truly waking; our state of waking-sleep keeps us reacting mechanically to stimuli, squandering energy on dreaming that could be used to nurture higher levels of being.

As Needleman puts it, "There is no authentic I am in [man's] presence, but only an egoism which masquerades as the authentic self, and whose machinations poorly imitate the normal human functions of thought, feeling and will...Man identifies—that is, squanders his conscious energy—with every passing thought, impulse, and sensation...a continuous self-deception and a continuous fear which are of such a pervasively painful nature that man is constantly driven to ameliorate this condition through the endless pursuit of social recognition, sensory pleasure, or the vague and unrealizable goal of 'happiness'."

We snuggle into our slumber under the blanket of our cherished, socially-reinforced illusions. The illusion of self-determination, of freedom, of wakefulness, is maintained thanks partly to the presence of what Gurdjieff calls *buffers*—"They are created," Gurdjieff avers, "not by nature, but by man himself, although involuntarily. The cause of their appearance is the existence in man of many contradictions; contradictions of opinions, feelings, sympathies, words, and actions. If a man throughout the whole of his life were to feel all the contradictions that are within him, he could not live and act as calmly as he lives and acts now. He would have constant friction, constant unrest...If a man were to feel all these contradictions he would feel what he *really* is. He would feel that he is mad...Buffers are created slowly and gradually. Very many 'buffers' are created artificially through 'education'. Others are created under the hypnotic influence of all surrounding life...It is very hard to live without 'buffers'. But they keep man from the possibility of inner development because 'buffers' are made to lessen shocks and it is only



scious, evolving being. "The modern person," says Professor Needleman, "has no conception of how self-deceptive a life can be that is lived in only one part of oneself. The head, the emotions, and the body each have their own perceptions and actions, and each, in itself, can live a simulacrum of human life."

We are born, according to Gurdjieff, with an Essence, our essential self, a particularity that is determined by heredity and "planetary influences", but which is also full of promise. This promise is largely shackled by the encroachment of personality. Our habitual identification with learned personality traps us in a false self. Or rather, we're caught up in a series of false selves, scores of "parasitic



shocks that can lead a man out of the state in which he lives, that is, waken him. 'Buffers' lull a man to sleep, give him the agreeable and peaceful sensation that all will be well, that no contradictions exist and that he can sleep in peace. 'Buffers' are appliances by means of which a man can always be in the right. 'Buffers' help a man not to feel his conscience..."

It's astonishing how little of ourselves we feel, even physically. We live in our body and normally sense it very little, in any conscious way. And it's correspondingly amazing how much transpires emotionally and instinctively in us, which we normally do not feel even though it directs our lives. Most psychologists agree we are driven by unconscious impulses; many acknowledge a "script" driving our responses—but do we sense these patterns in ourselves? The primary forces behind the way we live our lives are cut off from us, under prevailing conditions. Without making a conscious, finely-directed effort to objectively, consistently observe ourselves inwardly and outwardly—self-observation, Gurdjieff called it—we are blind to the very forces that define us. According to Gurdjieff each of us is formed around something he called the Chief Feature, the organizing principle of the personality, and a primary obstacle to awakening. This is a big characteristic, an overall pattern coloring all our behavior, which is often perfectly obvious to our friends and family but—no matter how many times we're told about it—entirely opaque to us. It's our most obvious feature—and we're numb to it!

No matter how supposedly introverted we are, the likelihood is we know ourselves scarcely at all.

Our buffer-hidden contradictions, our mechanicality, our self-concealment—these phenomena could explain a great deal of our swept-along, baffling and violent lives.

But is there something else? Is there somewhere within us an inner connection to the cosmos, some hidden node of real consciousness, the organizing principle of a Man without quotation marks? And how do we reach it? We're told that certain, persistent longterm efforts, through a variety of methods prescribed by Gurdjieff, can create a higher self that is a vehicle, a worthy throne, for the deathless. It's said we can formulate, like an oyster making a pearl, a conscious self that can rise above mechanicality. Man survives death only to the extent this "I" has been created. Otherwise, at death, we're absorbed back into the basic stuff of the universe, and a particular bandwidth of

energy—which it is our role, along with all living organisms, to transform—is then utilized by certain levels of the living cosmos as part of a cosmic ecology.

You got to serve somebody, Bob Dylan sang. One can go with the general current, manifesting a semiconscious existence, generating a crude grade of energies to be used by the cosmos on one level—or one can choose the harder Way, to try to be, to consciously evolve, and move toward the capacity to receive and to generate a finer energy, in a higher service to the forces of creation. Either way, nothing is wasted—which idea dovetails with scientific observations of nature: Everything, in nature, is "food" for something; everything is utilized.

Gurdjieff recognizes seven general types of Man—Man Number Seven is almost unimaginably evolved relative to us. He defines four levels of consciousness: 1) what we usually call sleep, 2) our normal state of so-called waking consciousness, 3) self consciousness—characterized partly by constant "self-remembering", and a capacity to act with non-mechanical independence—and 4) objective consciousness, the level of enlightened, transcendent Being.

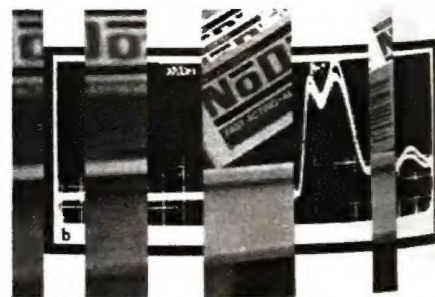
To pursue awakened, independent Being is harrowingly difficult. One needs a relentless will to work, rooted in an inexhaustible Wish, a hunger to learn to be—and, even that is not enough. One also needs help from others. And there's worse news yet: authentic help is hard to find, since few in our world are awake. Few have created real I. We live in a world of sleepwalkers, and it shows. As James Moore puts it, "We are all asleep. This is not a metaphor but a fact. It is also a social perception more subversive and revolutionary than anything remotely conceived by all the Troskys and Kropotkins of history; an idea which, like death and the sun, cannot be looked at steadily—a world in trance!"

We are, at least, given a glimmer of the possibility of breaking the trance in the spontaneous episodes of self-remembering we have all experienced; we've felt it in moments of danger, extreme novelty, intensity, bringing the unforgettable impression of 'I'm here!' Suddenly, for a split second, we are to some extent...awake. "It is Gurdjieff's demand," says Moore, "that we acclimatize ourselves, by slow degrees, to living at this altitude. 'A man may be born, but in order to be born, he must first die, and in order to die he must first awake.'"

Perhaps one step in this process of "dying" is to recognize one's current state of relative non-being. If we're not conscious, are we really here, in any important sense? How often are we really conscious? We all have the experience of starting off on an errand—and simply finding oneself there, completing the errand, with no memory of the trip inbetween. Where were we, in the interim? In daydreams, in identification with some private dilemma—gone. One aspect of the Gurdjieff work is the simple perception of the weakness of our being, as dramatized by our tendency to lapse into non-consciousness. Go on an errand, try to stay conscious the whole time—to be there, completely—and you'll find you can't do it without a lapse. Not consistently, even for three minutes. The realization of the weakness of one's own attention is startling and instructive. To perceive it—to take it in fully and objectively—is to gradually build sections of a bridge of knowledge within oneself, across which a degree of higher consciousness might eventually travel. Or so it is said.

So far as I can discover, most esoteric work involves special efforts of attention; in the Gurdjieff work attention is directed outward to the external life and simultaneously inward to the inner world. One's inner life is normally in chaos and imbalance; with a special work of attention it can by degrees become unified.

Gurdjieff provided numerous techniques to this end—such as a form of sacred dance called the Movements, and an infinitely refinable discipline of meditation—which I am not qualified to discuss.



Our struggle to be takes place at the bottom of a scale of being. We are at the ass-end of the cosmos. Gurdjieff tells us, a place in the scale of the cosmos virtually dense with restrictive laws. Farther up the cosmic scale, up steps corresponding to the harmonic scale, we eventually come to the Absolute, the allness, the prime mover, subject to only one law: unity. In the next world down, the level





of all worlds and galaxies, there are three orders of cosmic law; in the next, designated All Suns, there are six; in the next, at the level of the Sun, there are twelve; at the level of the planets, twenty-four; at the level of our own woebegone world,

seven "notes" of the corresponding harmonic scale can proceed only if given "shocks", conscious impetus at specific intervals, but is usually lawfully deflected by countervailing forces at predictable places along the scale. Hence the best laid plans

awakening; to place seemingly endless obstacles in the way. One of Gurdjieff's aphorisms goes, "Blessed is he who has a soul, blessed is he who has none, but woe and grief to him who has it in embryo."

You might prefer to sleep.

## The realization of the weakness of one's own attention is startling and instructive.

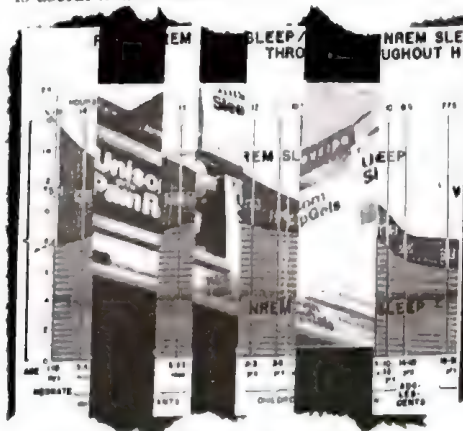
fortyeight orders of laws. Because we live "under fortyeight laws" we are far from the will of the Absolute, according to this system. We move toward the Absolute, toward liberation, by transcending the mechanical laws shackling us. The seven levels of the Ray of Creation are seven levels of matter; each level has its own rate of vibration. The Absolute vibrates most rapidly and is least dense; our level vibrates slowly, through a murky density.

I recently heard an astrophysicist say that at the beginning of Creation, before the Big Bang, there was, indeed, Unity, one law, or two—afterwards a sort of fractured symmetry led to the creation of the four forces, gravitation, electromagnetism, the strong nuclear force and the weak nuclear force, and all the laws proceeding from the interaction of those forces: the closer you get to the beginning of Time, the fewer laws; the farther away, the more laws.

Gurdjieff—or his teachers—anticipated much of quantum physics. For example, these Heisenbergian remarks from Gurdjieff in 1915: "Matter or substance presupposes the existence of a force or energy. This does not mean that a dualistic conception of the world is necessary. The concepts of matter and force are as relative as everything else. In the Absolute, where all is one, matter and force are also one. But in this connection matter and force are not taken as real principles of the world in itself, but as properties or characteristics of the phenomenal world observed by us."

Giving further definition to Gurdjieff's cosmology is the Law of Three and the Law of Seven. I haven't got space (in more sense than one) to do more than hint of them here. The Law of Three breaks down all events into three forces: active, passive, and neutralizing. The Law of Seven provides a systematization of the course of movements of force through a series of events. Movement of force up or down the scale through the

of mice and men often go awry. That is, in Gurdjieff there's a meaning, to everything, including failure. Nothing is meaningless, seen in the perspective of the scale of things; everything is useful to the cosmos.



There are various counterfeit "Gurdjieff groups" and "Gurdjieff Centers" offering a franchised variety of "liberation"—including one that begins with asking for ten per cent of your income. From what I can find out, these outfits are highly suspect.

So far as I can judge, only one clearly authentic transmission of Gurdjieff's teaching exists, and its transmitters can be reached in San Francisco, New York, Paris and many other major cities. This is the Gurdjieff Foundation, established after his death by such luminaries as Jeanne de Salzmann—who was Gurdjieff's greatest student—and others who worked closely with him.

The Gurdjieff work is daunting. Not that anyone mistreats you, at least at the Gurdjieff Foundation—by all reports they are gentle, compassionate people, who do not exploit or abuse students. But the inner work itself, the process of awakening, is lengthy and is said to be sometimes painful (although not harmful); it involves, among other things, seeing oneself as one really is, and abiding in "conscious suffering": that is, what one suffers, one suffers consciously. Moreover, the world itself is apparently designed to discourage

### Introductory Reading:

*In Search of the Miraculous: Fragments of an Unknown Teaching* by PD Ouspensky (Harcourt Brace Jovanovitch). [Best single-volume introduction to the Gurdjieff ideas].

*Views From the Real World* by GI Gurdjieff (Arkana Books)

*Meetings with Remarkable Men* by GI Gurdjieff (Arkana)

*Our Life with Mr. Gurdjieff* by Thomas and Olga de Hartmann (Penguin)

*All and Everything: Beelzebub's Tales to his Grandson* by GI Gurdjieff (Dutton) [NB: This is Gurdjieff's magnum opus, an extremely challenging book.]

### Related Works:

*Mount Analogue* by Rene Daumal (Shambhala books)

*Gurdjieff—a biography* by James Moore (Element books)

*Living Time* by Maurice Nicoll (Shambhala)

*The Heart of Philosophy* by Jacob Needleman (HarperSan Francisco)

*A Sense of the Cosmos: The Encounter of Modern Science and Ancient Truth* by Jacob Needleman (Arkana)

*Money and the Meaning of Life* by Jacob Needleman (Doubleday)

John Shirley is the author of numerous novels such as *Eclipse Corona*, *Wetbones* and other renowned post-modern sf. He's been accused of kindling the first flames of the cyberpunk bonfire, which is still generating heat. Eyeball Books will be bringing out a new Shirley collection entitled *The Exploded Heart: Trajectory of a Science Fiction Punk*.

1/6"



# on the trail of GURDJIEFF in Paris

by Milton Gomez

It all began, as far as I know, when I was 14 years old, after my father died. Among his possessions was a dusty cardboard box of books in the garage which he never read, according to my mother—apparently he was saving these books for his old age. He was 43 when he died of a stroke brought on by overwork. This information made his death even more awful to me, and I determined that I would read these books, starting now. My mother was rather against the idea, reckoning they were far too “advanced” for me, but she put up only a feeble resistance, and I was soon poring through the strange and incomprehensible titles: *Tertium Organum*, *A New Model of the Universe*, among others, and a book which I quickly deemed incomprehensible and not worth reading, called *Tales of Beelzebub to His Grandson*. It would take me over a quarter-century to find out that the latter book (long since discarded and consigned to oblivion) would prove to be the most important of all.

P. D. Ouspensky was the author of all the books which interested me most. This stuff was way over my head, but I didn't care—something elusive, and yet of the greatest significance seemed to be connected with these books. I didn't really know what he meant when he said that time was the fourth dimension of space and eternity was the fifth, but it made something vibrate in me, and I felt it was of the greatest importance that I find out. I decided to become a mathematical physicist right then and there, despite a temperament which was probably more suited to an artistic career of some sort. I wanted to prepare myself to meet Ouspensky himself someday. The very sound of the name “Ouspensky” was like a magic spell for me. When I found out years later that he had died a year before I was born, I was crushed, but more determined than ever to pursue his quest, which was also the stillborn quest of my father.

By the time I had grown up and taken my university degrees in mathematics and physics, I felt I understood everything Ouspensky had to say. Not that I thought much any more about Ouspensky by then: it seemed clear to me that he was essentially a brilliant crank, theorizing outside of the mainstream of genuine scientists such as Einstein, Schroedinger, Heisenberg, or the great mathematician Hilbert, with his infinite-dimen-

sional spaces. These were my new heroes. Yet I could not entirely forget the uncomfortable fact that it was Ouspensky who had set me on the quest in the first place, the quest which led to my becoming a scientist. I sometimes had moments of feeling intensely out-of-place among my fellow mathematicians and physicists, and something whispered to me in these vulnerable moments that if it had not been for those books of Ouspensky in that dusty cardboard box of my father's I would never have taken the path of science as a career—I would surely have become a writer, or even worse, a musician or artist, and (this voice whispered in my most crazy moments) perhaps even... a priest! A priest like my maternal great-uncle, whom I barely remembered (he died when I was only 5). This man, Tio Umberto, had reportedly predicted that I was destined to become a priest. In any case, Ouspensky seemed like some sort of embarrassing old uncle himself in my world of quantum mechanics and Hilbert Space—and one whom I was not eager to introduce to my friends.

But years later, he came back into my life in a totally unexpected way: the woman I fell in love with and married belonged to a group which studied and practiced the “teachings” of Ouspensky (they traced their lineage directly back to his group in London) and also of the enigmatic G.I. Gurdjieff, Ouspensky's teacher. Stoned on the love-drug, I returned joyfully to the ideas of my first spiritual mentor, moved to San Francisco with my new wife, and promptly joined this group, becoming a close student of a man I shall call R.B. Since this charismatic man was the head of a network which included numerous centers in the U.S. and abroad, I was considered extremely fortunate to be allowed to study personally with “the Master” himself. When I told him of my youthful encounter with Ouspensky's ideas, he said he had already seen all this in a vision and had been waiting for years for me to show up. At the time, I really believed him and was deeply moved.

Since cult psychology is not the main subject of this story, I'll quickly summarize this by saying that the whole experience turned out to be like some kind of catastrophic roller-coaster accident in slow motion: before 3 months had passed, I had helplessly watched my marriage break up, my health fail, and my university job and all my friend-

ships in the SF Bay area fall to pieces (both job and friendships had come about through my wife's connections in the Ouspensky group)...among other things, it turned out that R.B., in spite of his refinement and intelligence, had another side: that of a crude manipulator and sexual hypocrite: for everyone living at his community, all sexual contact was forbidden, except for married couples... unless, that is, you happened to be one of the young folks, mostly men, invited to sleep in the master bedroom. When I dared to criticize this behavior, I was quickly isolated and marginalized, and woke up one day to find that I had been expelled from the group as efficiently as a foreign organism which has been detected as hostile by a well-functioning immune system.

The day I packed my few belongings in my car (I had given almost everything of value to my ex-wife) and prepared to drive out of the Ouspensky community for the last time, Lise, a woman I vaguely knew from the group, asked me for a ride. I was not inclined to have anyone from this cult in my car, but something was different about Lise. She was French, and had always seemed to me like a misfit in the group. Still, I hesitated before accepting. She got in with her suitcase, and as soon as we were on the way she told me that she too was leaving the group for good.

Lise turned out to be by far the most interesting person I had met in the “Fourth Way” group, as they called themselves (though others also use this Ouspenskyan term). On the ride to S.F., she brazenly confessed to me that she had been “sent” to this group by the Gurdjieff groups in Paris, in order to gather information.

—In other words, you're a spy?

—Well, you can use that word if you like. But it is not accurate. My mission is closer to something like a sort of spiritual anthropologist, if you like. Spies have hostile, or at least competitive intent. Our group has absolutely none of this. We are simply not in the same business as this group is.

—So what business are you in?

—You've surely noticed that these people are happy to relieve you of the burden of thinking for yourself and acting as an individual. In our group we increase this burden, if anything. Also, it is easy to get into such groups as this, and sticky to





get out of them. With us, it is just the opposite: hard to be admitted and very easy to get out.

She gave me her address in Paris. It turned out I was scheduled to be there in six months for a professional conference. She promised to introduce me to some people in the Gurdjieff work there, perhaps including one of the few still alive who had been close to Gurdjieff himself.

By the time I got to Paris, Lise was nowhere to be found. But a message arrived for me in care of my conference: a note "on behalf of Lise", with a telephone number in Paris, and a message from her wishing me well.

The same day I called the number and arranged with some sort of secretary to meet Monsieur T. The next day in a ritzy cafe not far from the Arch of Triumph. He had one of those bafflingly old/young faces which could have been anywhere between 60 and 80. I liked his combination of aloofness, calm and warmth, and his constant almost-smile, which seemed to indicate a secret amusement at just about everything that went on around him. I found myself opening up to him far more than I would have imagined, telling him my life story. He was a good listener. When I had finished, he was silent for a long time before speaking.

—Ouspensky was a brilliant nut. You were attracted to him because you were also a brilliant nut. But now you may have other possibilities.

I was both stung and intrigued by this. Oddly, I found myself defending Ouspensky at some length.

—He was a gifted thinker and reporter, it's true. We still use his excellent notes of Gurdjieff's early talks, called *In Search of the Miraculous* in English. But Ouspensky's teacher, the only real master in this tangled tale, was Gurdjieff. Unlike Ouspensky, Gurdjieff was a fully developed human being. He was a master of the ordinary: earthy, warm, human, fallible—and (the mark of a master), knowing how to use his fallibility to serve something higher. Ouspensky was almost incapable of being ordinary, or even of admitting (much less using) his fallibility. He fell into the worst trap a student of esoteric teaching can fall into: he succumbed to the *ambition* to teach. And he broke off his apprenticeship to Gurdjieff at a very critical point, which made him crazier and crazier as the years went by. Finally, his own students in London began to suspect that he was unbalanced when he started raving about Gurdjieff being in the grip of dark forces, and forbidding them to go to France and have any contact with

the real master. Like all who followed him, Ouspensky failed to understand a fundamental principle: one never becomes a spiritual teacher, at least not an authentic one, because one wants to. No sane man would ever want to become such a thing!

—Then why does one become a spiritual teacher?

—Because one has no choice. Because one has the capacity, and above all because it is needed by others.

—But Ouspensky would probably claim that this was the case for him. Why should I believe your claim that Gurdjieff was the authentic one?

—I happened to know both of them quite well...but of course it could still be my own subjectivity as far as you know. I'll tell you what—I'll give you some books to read—and of course the best reading is no substitute for direct experience—yet with luck these readings will, in however small a way, open something in you which Gurdjieff himself opened in those who were lucky enough to come in close contact with him.

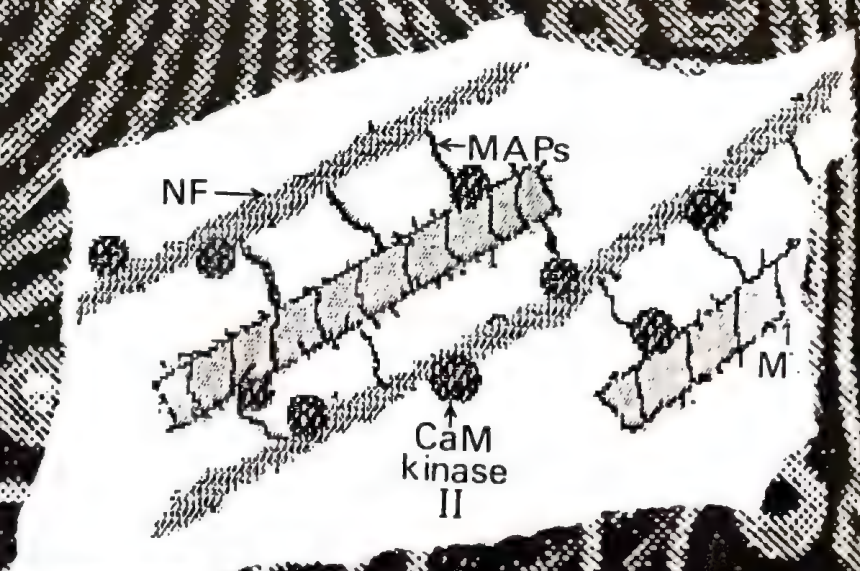
The list he gave me was surprising, consisting of books which I had vaguely heard of before, but thought to be mostly secondary and anecdotal material, written as much for entertainment as anything else: *Boyhood with Gurdjieff and Gurdjieff Remembered* by Fritz Peters, *Warrior's Way* by Robert de Ropp, and (to me the oddest one of all on this list) *Lost Christianity* by Jacob Needleman.

This part of my story comes to an end here. Suffice to say that this list of books seemed to be expertly calculated to completely overturn all my concepts of what my whole trip had been about, beginning with my father's dusty cardboard box in the garage.

I am amazed how seldom I meet people interested in Gurdjieff, even when they have formally studied in some group or other, who have taken the trouble to read any of these books, or even know of their existence. Yet I found that these books, especially the second one by Fritz Peters, are like no other readings in giving one a sense—or is it a hunch?—of who this enigmatic teacher really was. Read them, and, as Monsieur T. said with luck they'll open something in you...

Milton Gomez is a theoretical physicist, mathematician and writer living in Paris. He has been involved in the Gurdjieff Work there for 15 solar-cycles.







# Surfing the Collapsing Waves of Consciousness on a Surfboard made of Microtubules

by Spiros Antonopoulos, [spiros@well.com](mailto:spiros@well.com)

Conference: Towards A Scientific Basis For Consciousness, Tucson, Arizona, April 12-17, 1994

My brain is my surfboard and somehow, free-stylin' along coral reefer, I found myself beached amidst the rattlesnakes, saguaros, and *bufo alvarii* (DMT toads) of the Tucson desert.

I became aware of the cast of a strange low budget sci-fi beach flick that began assembling. But they weren't really low budget sci-fi actors & actresses. They were an odd amalgam of fringe scientists and fans of the buzzword "consciousness": glossy-eyed newage yuppies with powerbooks; computer scientists; chaoticians; sleazy mindmachine salespeople; academics; quantum physicists; cutting-edge anesthesiologists; psi researchers; cognitive scientists; miscellaneous psychedelic gen-xers; neuroscientists; and a dash of mystic MD's.

Welcome to the "Towards A Scientific Basis for Consciousness" conference. A conference not of sight, or of sound, but of mind.

This was the first conference of its kind. I took my surfboard and found a seat.

Although the study of consciousness is ancient, the methods and procedures of science are a relatively new, but nevertheless potent, mojo. The fruits of its spells evoke the postmodern condition of computers, automobiles, cities, space shuttles, ambient techno, hydrogen bombs, and bubble gum. Here, in the desert, the crowned and conquering baby begins its search for the old and elusive. With endeavors such as artificial life and artificial intelligence producing interesting but ultimately banal results, considering consciousness from a variety of viewpoints seems like a good move.

Not surprisingly, the language of the quantum physicists deftly emerged as the most lucid and insightful approach to problems confronted by a scientific inquiry into the nature of consciousness.

Roger Penrose, famed mathematician and physicist, author of the best-seller, *The Emperor's New Mind*, scouted some new territory and began laying yellow bricks. Penrose suggests that consciousness arises out of mysterious quantum mechanical phenomena in brain cells. Further, he suggests that consciousness is noncomputable<sup>1</sup>, and whatever processes that give rise to consciousness

are also noncomputable. The phenomenon that an observer collapses a quantum wave form from its world of infinite all-at-onceness to a single Newtonian reality has withstood rigorous testing. From this Penrose posits a new physics, perhaps of consciousness, which is noncomputable and arises somewhere between the quantum world and the classical world. But just because this jives with Eastern Mysticism doesn't set him apart from the multitude of other nuts claiming insight into that elusive thing—nothing known as consciousness. And it would seem that the brain, being a noisy electrochemical arena, is an unlikely environment for quantum mechanical cameos. But Penrose has a wildcard in this walk to Oz.

## a huge ever growing pulsating brain (evolving u)

The field of anesthesiology does provide some killer waves on which to surf the waves of consciousness. From a serendipitous connection to the Gurdjieffian notion that we are all asleep, to the temporary loss of consciousness the anesthesiology profession administers, to the fear and loathing of Ketamine hyperspaces. But these musings only scratch the surface.

In silence and isolation, the quantum world is unlimited potential; yet as soon as an observer (perhaps ego?) is put into the equation, the potentials collapse into something solid.

Enter Stuart Hameroff, a far-out anesthesiologist from Tucson. Since the early 70's, Hameroff has studied these long, thin hollow tubes of protein about a ten-millionth of an inch in diameter called microtubules. These slender filaments form alongside one another like steel belted radials. Bundled together in this fashion, they provide the networks of cellular scaffolding, or cytoskeleton, for living cells. Interestingly they emerged as the stars of the conference at large. Why? Because they do lots of cool things:

1. During cell division, the cell's microtubules dissolve and reincarnate into new configurations,

orchestrating the entire event. They are conductors for the symphonies of mitosis.

2. Even more curiously, microtubules and the microelectronic switches of computer chips look suspiciously alike. Hameroff, upon first glance at an electron photograph of a computer chip, actually mistook it for a microtubule.

3. The Leggo-style constituents of microtubules are protein molecules shaped like a telephone handle morphing into a kidney bean. There's a pocket along its length where an electron slides to and fro. The position of this electron determines the way the protein configures itself, and thus the configuration and function of the microtubule. Here we have the binary logic of computation affecting the macroscopic form of the microtubule, not unlike a fiber in Bruce Sterling's furoshiki computer.

4. Gaseous anesthetics, like halothane or ether, "turn off" consciousness apparently by immobilizing the electron in the protein's pocket, thereby immobilizing the entire microtubule in the brain's neurons.

5. These filaments are also excellent conductors of physical vibrations, or sound waves. The vibrations of one microtubule resonate onto neighboring filaments in a manner similar to a tuning fork

beginning to vibrate from a nearby tuning fork's resonance. This effect, known as "coherence", could affect entire bundles, perhaps even across cell walls.

6. Surveying all the above observations, Hameroff developed theories of the brain with computation occurring on two levels: neurons and sub-neuronal processing based upon microtubule processing within each neuron. Perhaps the microtubule processing determines when the neurons fire, or perhaps they work in tandem.

7. Recently biophysicists have found clues that microtubules, by virtue of their tiny dimen-



sions and tubular form, exhibit some quantum mechanical properties. Although the microtubules are amazing conductors of physical vibrations, researchers calculate the tubes can also act as insulators. Within these isolation tanks, a pulse would be able to explore the superimposition of all possible patterns within and among microtubules before it eventually collapses and chooses one.

Now while other scientists are mapping the genome, Hameroff will spend his research time attempting to decode the microtubule processing. "If we can decode the patterns, we might be able to connect microtubules to a computer and swap information back and forth."<sup>3</sup> But this is just the first step. Hameroff has been known for his insightful waves of speculation. Perhaps after we understand microtubules better, we could evolve vats of nanobots or gigantic pulsating brains in geosynchronous orbit.

Penrose, using Hameroff's insight, will continue chewing on the question of specifically what noncomputational operation can collapse a wave

observer (perhaps ego?) is put into the equation, the potentials collapse into something solid.

### Dream Weavin'

Fred Alan Wolf, renegade physicist and author of many popular books including his most recent, *The Dreaming Universe*, spiced up the conference with layperson's rhetoric and a multimedia presentation. Suddenly, there were Australian aborigines staring at the audience and dreams suddenly became the source of consciousness. Weaving a theory comprised of threads from a holographic wave model of neural memory, quantum mechanics, and self-referring cellular autonoma, he introduced a concept in which the universe and all its creatures dream themselves into being.

### Surfing Past Indole Rings

Dr. Andrew Weil, author of classics like *The Natural Mind* and *From Chocolate to Morphine*, didn't do any hobnobbin' at the conference. He had no interest in the hubbub of hyperbational verbosity of boring scientific rhetoric. Though

active ingredient is not a member of the popular indole family, but a terpine. Using chloroform extraction, or a similar method, one may obtain a smokeable pulp. Even this pulp must then be smoked in a particular manner such that the active constituents do not burn before they reach your lungs. The effect supposedly "makes DMT look like a water pistol." Dr. Weil described his own extremely frightening experience of singularity with the plant and noted that most partakers, himself included, do not opt for a second try.

### Collapsing

It's high tide. The silence within the calamouring microtubules rings with paradox. Many ancient cosmologies evolve the world of ten thousand things from the void of silence, as does quantum mechanics. Nevertheless, as John Horgan notes in *Scientific American*, "...of all the outcomes of this surging interest in consciousness, the least likely is silence."

Perhaps that is where they should look.

All these experiences disintegrate, and the cast of that strange b-movie strikes the set. I grab my surfboard and smile. "I like Dr. Weil's approach," I think to myself, "it's hands on." The sun sets, the night blooms, and the toads come out to play. Time to wax my surfboard.

### Footnotes:

1 A good example of a noncomputational process is the tiling problem, in which a given set of flat shapes (tiles) attempt to cover an infinite flat surface without gaps. Shapes like squares, triangles, hexagons, or crosses are obvious and easy. With more complicated shapes and sets, however, it's mathematically impossible to devise an algorithm to predict if, in fact, they will continuously blanket an infinitely expanding surface.

2 *Mondo2000*, No. 9, page 27.

3 *Discover*, June 1994, *Quantum Consciousness*, page 89.

4 *Scientific American*, July 1994, *Can Science Explain Consciousness?*, page 88.

Spiros Antonopoulos occupied a teepee near Taos and was posting regularly to The WELL when we first met him. As FWR's roving correspondent on the frontiers of consciousness, rumor has it that he's geographically located further west from Taos, perhaps in Arizona, though his ASCII looks the same.



function. Now that there's evidence that this very operation is inexplicably tied to thought and quite possibly consciousness.

The speculation that—within the collapsing of waves is consciousness—is quite a surf. The ebb and flow of these considerations seem as old as they do new. In silence and isolation, the quantum world is unlimited potential; yet as soon as an

during his lecture he did drop science. The item of discussion was *Salvia Divinorum*, or "diviner's mint". Traditionally it's considered to be the mildest of the psychedelics of the Mazatec Indians (the folks who brought you psilocybin mushrooms). They chewed upon the leaves and had faint, subtle hallucinations. The active ingredient has remained a mystery, although recent evidence hints that the



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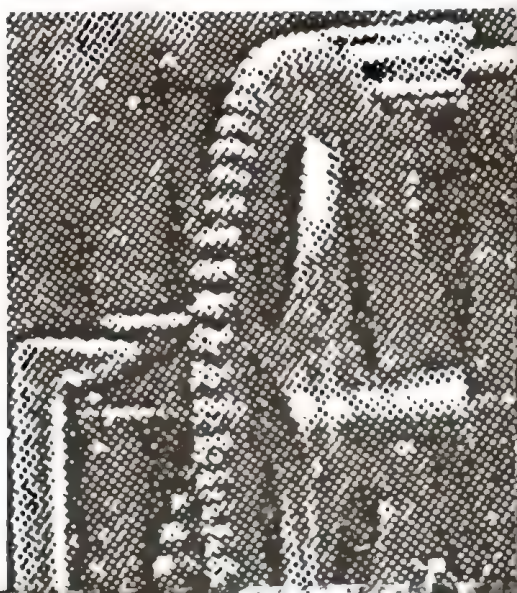
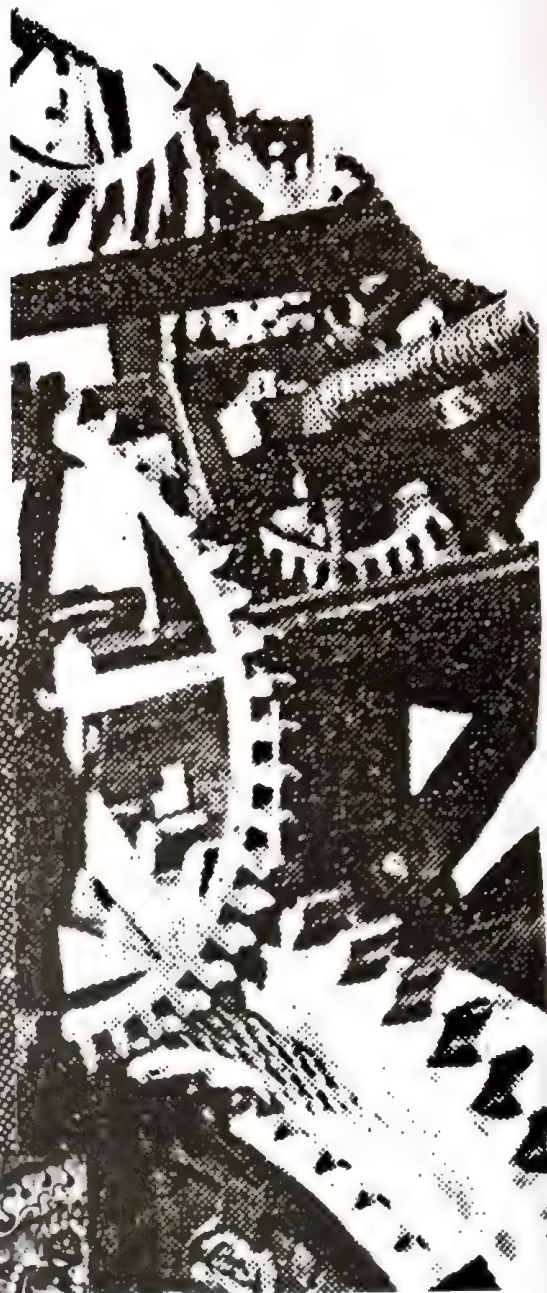
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# Shards of the Diamond Matrix

## Selections from the notebooks of Lance Daybreak

by Erik Davis, erikd@panix.com

In January, attempting to scrounge up my first assignment for *Wired*, I visited a Tibetan Buddhist monastery located in the Indian state of Karnataka. Along with their usual tasks, the young monks at Sera Mey were inputting rare and crumbling woodblock sutras into cheap XTs. Under the auspices of the Asian Classics Input Project, mountains of this digital dharma eventually finds its way onto freely-distributed CD-ROMs and the Internet.

One evening, after the monks served me a bowl of noodles and beef I choked down out of politeness, an older monk sidled up to the table. Furtively he reached into his maroon robes and handed me a thick dog-eared notebook, wrapped in a pair of sweat socks. He made sure I secured the book in my satchel, but when I asked what was going on, he only smiled, bowed and walked quickly from the dining hall.

I unwrapped the package late that night. The words "Open the Folds!!!" were scrawled on the notebook cover and the sticky pages gave off a faint odor of opium. The yellowing pages were covered with a minute, seemingly impenetrable scrawl. But like a printed circuit or a magical grimoire, the indecipherable density of these bug doodles signified, and when I returned to the States, a microscope confirmed my suspicions: that the scrawl was a dense molecular text, written in English, and employing a curious variant of the arcane Chinese art of microscopic calligraphy.

The author himself turned out to be no less arcane, though in a manner far closer to home. His name was Lance Daybreak, and a subsequent call to some Southern California pop historians corroborated his claim to be one of the first surfers to hang around the Santa Monica pier in the late 40s. In fact, all his assertions about Stateside activities checked out. After getting his B.A. in archeology from UCLA in under two years, he did a long stint as a merchant seaman and treasure hunter. In 1965, he enrolled at Stanford, where he was working on a thesis that combined the then-obscure cybernetics of Maturana with Nagarjuna's second-century Madhyamika Buddhist philosophy, and applied this strange analytic machine to some dizzying problems in data sets and computational linguistics. Socially, Daybreak covered all the fronts: he'd huff it over the Bay Bridge for

SDS actions, design psychedelic light shows for the Pranksters and the Family Dog, and crank out idiosyncratic code with the acid-gobbling hackers at SAIL. In 1968, Daybreak either dropped out or was expelled. On July 20, 1969, the day Apollo 11 landed on the moon, Daybreak left for Asia.

It's here that Daybreak's tale becomes pretty ludicrous. In the manuscript, he claims to have entered East Turkestan, through the passes where the borders of Afghanistan, Pakistan, China and the Soviet Union nearly converged. There, in the savage gulleys of the Karakorum Mountains, a few hundred kilometers southwest of the Taklamakan Desert, on the southern fork of the ancient Silk Road, he "discovered" an unknown and isolated people—the ngHolos. Though the lay ngHolos had settled down into a sedentary life of subsistence farming, weaving, and hash-growing, the community's religious order of monks and nuns, known as the Virtuous Ones—or Virtuals—retained nomadic. The Virtuous Ones wandered on foot or horseback through the "Folds:" the high passes, hidden valleys, and endless plateaus of their savage mountain environment. But Daybreak's descriptions also make it clear that for the Virtuals, this bleak physical environment "unfolded" into an abstract, visionary realm, a constantly-shifting locus of cosmic memory and oracular landscapes haunted by daemons, "alien gods" and

the Silk Road—gnostic Manicheism, Mahayana Buddhism, Mongolian shamanism, Catholicism, heretical Sufism, Taoism—without trying to tie them up into one grand system. As Daybreak writes, "The path is a network of paths."

Even more fascinating that the ngHolo's religious collages are their spiritual machines. In the early 17th century, a Jesuit named Francis Lumiere brought the first clock to the region. Daybreak writes: "Having long since assimilated whatever Christian motifs that compelled them, the ngHolos found the man's uncompromising theology obnoxious and his clothes in poor taste. But they loved his machine." The lay community put great store in prayer wheels, whose constant revolution they imagined produced the compassionate energy which kept the universal of dreams alive and which cloaked the Virtuous Ones from wild animals and enemies during their mystic peregrinations. Inspired by the powerful ngHolo views concerning the cosmic implications of metallurgy, a Virtual nun named Aieda made the spiritual link between metals and mechanics. Along with the somewhat baffled Jesuit, she set about applying the clock's mechanism to the ngHolo prayer wheels.

This machine not only relieved the peasants of the daily chore of spinning the wheels, but it led within decades to a number of inventions,

## "The path is a network of paths."

insectoid Buddhas. Daybreak quotes one of the ngHolo's countless slogans: *Here your eye does not follow the warp of the land. Here you follow the warp of your own eye.*

To judge from his tone, Daybreak does not seem to have gone mad or sunk into the mire of drug addiction. I choose to read his text as I read Castenada, with an open mind not particularly concerned with anthropological accuracy I would not really be able to assess anyway. In any case, from the fragments I've been able to decipher, the Virtuous Ones—or "Virtuals," as Daybreak sometimes calls them—are fascinating. Their radically eclectic and syncretic religious philosophy juggles elements from the various faiths that passed along

including irrigation pumps, automated pottery wheels, and a programmable loom used to weave the mystical patterns of the ngHolo's rugs (they never bothered making clocks). Aieda believed that the punched cards used to program the looms—an incomplete Italian *Tarocco* (tarot) deck still venerated today—allowed the ngHolos to communicate with the "Metal-mind," the spiritual consciousness that lay asleep in all metals and was awakened through metallurgy. After a year-long nomadic meditation, during which she never stopped walking, Aieda "received" the knowledge of how to program randomness and combinatory sequences into the machines. The resulting spontaneously patterned rugs were read as meta-



alchemical auguries from the Metal-Mind. Despite their previous propensity for a relatively conventional mandalic or symmetrical forms, the rug patterns Daybreak reproduces from this period show a striking assymetry, density and fractal dimensionality.

Daybreak reports that the ngHolos were prepared for this development because of a quasi-Manichean metallurgic myth. While the four elements familiar to the West emerged from the earth's eternally fertile womb, metals were the remains of the cosmic Alien God's semen, which fell upon earth following a celestial tantric rite. For the ngHolos, metals were not only sacred but contained the seeds of a powerful galactic consciousness. Through the slow process of metallurgy, these seeds would ripen into Metal-Minds, which were imagined to be (or at least represented iconographically as) colossal grasshopper bodhisattvas. At the end of the world, these beings would shed the material substance of their magical green-grey bodies until only the metallic shine remained. Millions of these ghostly and angular light-bodies of light would combine into a boundless and collective temple that would draw the Alien God back to earth.

Aiada interpreted the gears of Lumiere's clock as the grasshopper's mandibles, and the random patterns from the loom as the first stirrings of the Metal-Mind. Though there were detractors, Aiada's work transformed ngHolo spiritual life. The dense patterns emerging from the loom were magically mapped onto the Folds, where they formed an immense and lucid matrix known as the "Jewel-Net". Daybreak calls this net "a symphony of interpenetrating mandalas, an immense and luminous enfolded architecture." The ngHolos believed the Jewel-Net maintained consistency through the amplified power of the prayer wheels and the psychic intensity generated by the ngHolo's most dangerous and esoteric rites: equestrian tantra.

Daybreak estimates that by the 18th century, the Virtuous Ones lived an almost entirely psychic existence on the Jewel-Net, their nomadism having shifted from the Karakorum mountains to the more visionary and abstract plateaus of the Folds. For, just as the myth had predicted, the Jewel-Net was growing. In the Tibetan regions to the South, the Nyingmapas and the shamanic Bon follow *terma* tradition, which holds that the sage Padma-sambhava hid hundreds of sacred texts in the earth (and the spirit realm), texts that would only be discovered centuries later by tuned-in lamas (the so-called *Tibetan Book of the Dead* is such a

text). Many were encoded in "dakini" scripts. Similarly, the ngHolos uncovered—or "unfolded"—hundreds of thousands of encoded sacred texts from inside their visionary plateaus: manuscripts of theology, philosophy, history, iconography, sacred geography. Various spiritual beings cooperated on uncoding these "treasures." Using a collective form of the *ars memoriae*, or memory palaces, picked up from Lumiere or another Jesuit, the Virtuals then stored, swapped and recombined their *termas* throughout the ever-expanding Jewel-Net.

The overwhelming amount of this information, combined with the ngHolo's already intense eclecticism, resulted in radical spiritual anarchy. Reflecting the philosophical shift from transcendent renunciation to immanent becoming, the plateaus of the Fold were no longer considered to be "discovered" forms of spiritual reality, but as spaces created "on the wing" out of the infinite potential of the Jewel-Net. Lineages broke down into splinter groups, impartial agnostic "librarians," iconoclastic magicians and "anti-monks." As the Virtuous Ones continued to discover, interpret and store an increasingly boundless supply of *termas*, they formed constantly shifting and precarious alliances, frequently struggling with rivals through endless debates or magical "pattern-wars."

By the time Daybreak arrived, most of the power struggles had relaxed, and the following comments, devoted to the ngHolo art of slogans, represent a more balanced philosophy developed after generations of nomadism in the Jewel-Net. The slogans are in italics, and the text is all Daybreak's, except for a few of my explanations which appear in brackets. Much of Daybreak's text remain thoroughly obscure.

*The eye is furrow, seed, and source.* The eye symbolizes attention. Everything follows from attention, and the awareness of attention is the beginning of awakening: "the cock-crow." The Jewel-Net pre-exists the eye only as a field of total potency. Attention cuts furrows into this field, preparing the ground for the objects we perceive—the seeds—to both appear and find their place. But this grid of furrows and seeds, of points and tangents, is not enough to produce "reality"—you need the "source," the energetic gaze of desire or fascination, to water the seeds. The eye of attention is like a spring which can choose its direction of flow, though over time this spontaneous power is reduced to a habit. But this gaze is also the component of attention where awareness and control begin, and should be cultivated.

The Virtuals recognize the inevitability of constantly producing reality, at least as long as one has not achieved "the flight of gnosis." *The plateau grows to fit your shadow* is one slogan which Jungians would probably enjoy. But as a society split between agriculture and nomadism, they pictured this reifying tendency in profoundly ambivalent terms. Our habits of perception and action are seen as ruts as much as furrows. In this sense, seeds are materialistic delusions that karmically grow into something larger and more demanding than they initially appear—*Sift the seeds*, they warn. Some Virtuous Ones interpret the expulsion from Eden into the toil of agriculture as a fall into habits of perception. *The rain that feeds the wild poppy falls from the sky*, they say, indicating the "pure production" that we should aim for: a spontaneous growth of unpredictable objects generated from the ultimate field of emptiness (the "sky-like mind" of Ch'an, or Zen).

We ourselves are nothing but seeds grown up inside furrows dug and watered by the attention of others. Assessing the value of this prepared plot of land that is our "given" world is of primary spiritual importance. The path towards the Jewel-Net comes through preparing our own ground, for the furrows dug by the attention (our patterns of perception) in many way determine the seeds, or objects, that will appear. (Because they farmed on hillsides, ngHolo plots are rarely regular, but follow the various possible folds of the land). So we should carefully prepare the patterns of our attention, its mode of organization, its blend of curves and grids, randomness and order. For the ngHolos, the chaotic mandalas of their rugs issued from the loom of the Metal-Mind were occult keys to these patterns. At the same time, the ngHolos also emphasize the supreme momentum of rootless flight, the nomadic spread of weeds and wild poppies rather than the conscious cultivation of the philosophical or material ground. As a famous Virtual master put it, "I become mushroom, without root, in shadow, my dharma transmissions scattered to the wind."

*The soul weaves Indra's net.* Following the *anatman* doctrines of Buddhism, the Virtuals insist that any fixed notion of self, even on an ultimate level, is an illusion. At the same time, the ngHolos emphasize that the self and the world are constantly produced, that the cosmos is both network and void. The allusion here is to the Hindu myth of Indra's net, which



describes an infinite network wherein each point of criss-crossing threads contains a jewel which perfectly reflects all the other jewel-nodes. The ngHolos fused this image with the vision of the universe as pictured in the *Avatamsaka Sutra*: an infinitely nested and interrelated monadology in which each singularity reflected and embodied a boundless totality.

The Virtuos did not deny the conventional self, but rather filled it with space and emptiness. They call this "weaving the net." Like a net, the conventional self is something we toss into the infinite potential of reality in order to catch our desires, but it is also composed of its emptiness. If the net is too thick and tightly-wound, it will retain everything, for there is no void to escape into, and everything will become weighted into a heavy selfhood. If the net is too loose and weakly bound, it will not function—larger catches will break its threads, and the smaller will escape.

We never stop weaving the net or trawling the world of potential. Newly woven patterns catch new fish. Of course, the net of the self relates to the larger Jewel-Net. For the ngHolos, the fractal mandalas of the looms were the keys to maintaining the conventional self while weaving them into this larger pattern of multiplicity.

### *The path is a plateau.*

For the ngHolos, the notion of a spiritual "path" is a misnomer, for spiritual reality is an endlessly proliferating manifold. *The path is a network of paths, a plateau.* One can not "follow" a network, but must constantly probe it. Each footprint is a node, which constantly re-produces a multiplicity

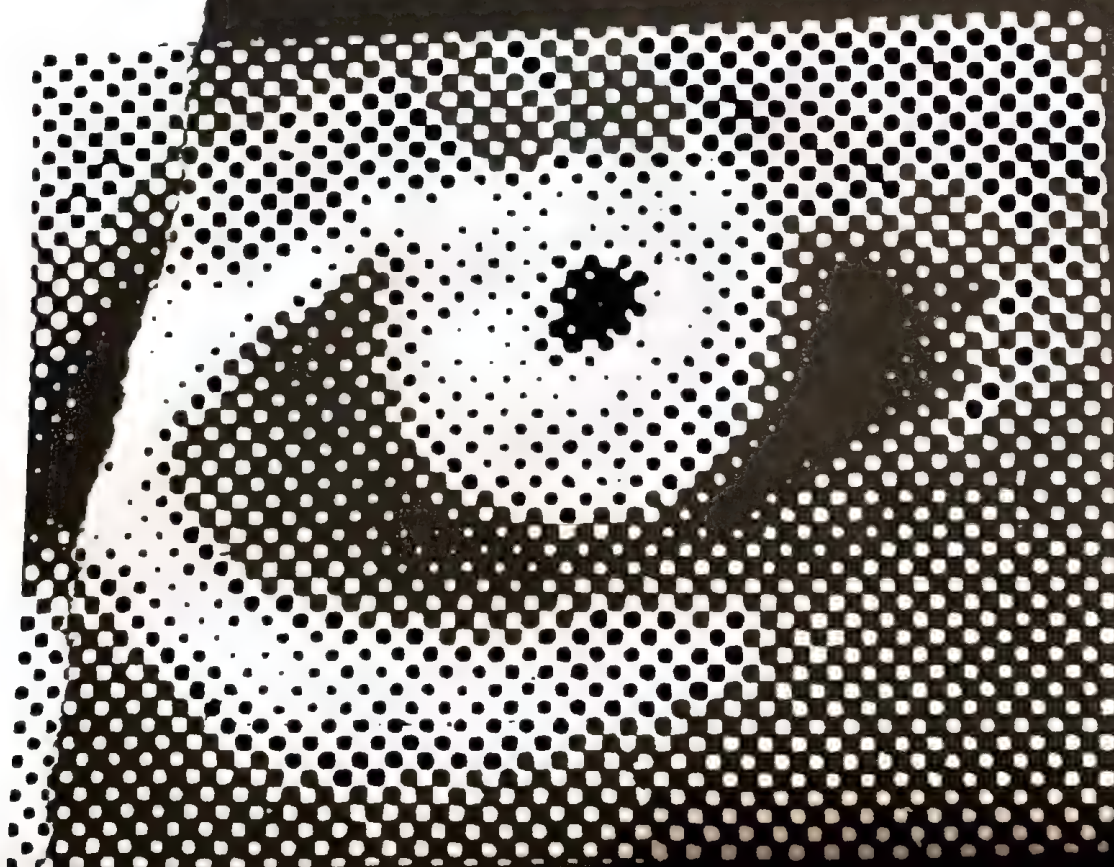
### *Webs mar the Jewel-Net.*

The Virtuous Ones contrast the image of the suppleness of the open net with the centralized and sticky organization of the web. In a web, the self becomes a spider, a solidified, grasping ego which sat at the center and related everything to itself. Because a tremendous amount of power

**The greatest Net nomads are as naive as they are wise, know when to jettison information, and avoid the hoarding of knowledge for its own sake.**

of possible directions. Arrival and departure are fused. As such, immediate and partial spiritual tactics (including these slogans) are prized more than the grand strategic methods which attempt to lay out a well-organized hierarchy of stages towards gnosis. Many ngHolo Masters achieved fame not for their diligence in pursuing one of the Virtual's countless philosophical cults, but for the specific topology of the plateaus they created as they moved through different and frequently antagonistic fields of thought and experience.

over others can be generated through webs, black magicians worshipped the spider of their own egos. The greatest black magicians would even seed patterns in the Jewel Net that would "catch" the eye of others, who would slowly become bound in an immense pattern they believed was a new revelation. This revelation would turn out to be a web, and the victims would be caught in a paranoid spell. Many went mad or become so convinced of having discovered the ultimate pattern that they would be ostracized from the collective. Jewel-Net healers would often attempt to free such individuals by binding them in "devo-











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# The Bubble of Simulation

Subjective Experience as a Virtual Environment

by Michael S. Hoffman, hoff@well.com

When exploring the realms of fringe experiencing, it is helpful to understand that even ordinary experiencing is similar to a remarkably detailed and consistent hallucination of a world. In the *loose cognition* state of awareness, which occurs in advanced meditation, schizophrenia, and psychedelics, the veil of perception loosens and becomes a visible patchwork or mosaic, showing clearly that the world is only present to awareness in the form of dynamic mental models made of mental constructs. Loose cognition tangibly switches on the philosophizing mode, because the mind is fully confronted with its isolation. *Philosophy of Mind*, which comes from the West and includes skepticism, is a recent, vital approach to studying how the mind internally represents various types of objects and entities which constitute the world. *Philosophy of Mind* is about to collide with *Transpersonal Psychology*, from the East, which is also building models of our innermost subjectivity and studying how the mind constructs its experience of the world and the sense of being a person separate from that world.

Sitting at my desk reading about the philosophy of perception, I consider its strange implications for my apparent perception of myself in the scene of my study. Because this type of scene feels natural and intimately familiar, it is a typical example of how the mind internally recreates or simulates the external world, from simple material objects such as a cup, to more complex objects such as other people, and highly complex systems, such as the mind's own thoughts about the mind.

Holding my coffee cup, I have the consistent impression of solidity and weight, but the feeling of roundness is a convincing illusion constructed entirely within my own mind. This fully compelling illusion that I am *directly* perceiving the cup itself is due to the perfect consistency of mental impressions. While it is impossible to determine whether the external cup in fact exists, I can handle the cup to test its consistency within the local, subjective fishbowl of experience, but I cannot prove that there is in fact a cup out there.

I can only perceive the (alleged) external world in the indirect form of my mind's self-created subjective experiencing. As long as the impression of my desk is consistent, the mind draws a shorthand identification of the mental construct of

the desk with the alleged desk itself, failing to maintain the subtle distinction between the symbol 'desk' and the hidden (alleged) referent desk. But during a schizophrenic break, the mind's model of the desk loosens and partly disintegrates, warping and rippling. The perfect consistency of the perceptual construct is broken, and like a drastic glitch in a film, the medium of representation is exposed and the illusion of direct access to reality is disrupted. The mental construct veil then points to itself as much as it points to the actual desk.

A book is usually experienced as a fixed, rigid object, with sentences arranged in a definite structure. But when the mind studies a book in a loosened state of cognition, the sentences and the meanings swim around noticeably, producing a cut-up effect. It is difficult to read while cognition is loosened, but the thinking occurs at a deep level, where complex meanings and possible connections can be built, enabling the mind to seek hidden networks of significance in the most mundane books. When normal, tightly bound cognition returns, the book regains its innocence.

I hold the book and the cup of coffee in my hands, and I move my arms and hands to turn the pages of the book. How do I experience my hand and control it? My hand, arm, and body might be substantial, but I can only experience them in the form of rich mental constructs. The relationship of

**My hand, arm, and body might be substantial, but I can only experience them in the form of rich mental constructs.**

my arms to my mind is essentially the same as *telepresence*, the control and monitoring loop between remote robotic equipment and a human operator. The mind includes a cybernetic control loop between the ego and the nerves in the arms. The ego performs the cybernetic role of the controller apparently residing inside the robot-like nervous system of the body, and once the mind gets the cybernetic feel of it, controlling the body feels as natural as driving a car.

Does my body move, or is there just a stream of shifting images and kinetic feelings? Awareness peers out from nowhere, and in information space, inserts itself into the apparent configuration or shape of a body. This convincing body with arms and legs **extending** is known to me as a convention of illusion. It is *only* known to me as a detailed cartoon giving the impression of a 3-dimensional body. The experience of motion through spatial dimensions is a pre-programmed mental scheme to keep track of information, by constructing dynamic information structures, complex spatial models which seem to be real—simply given and non-arbitrary. During the loose cognition state of meditation or schizophrenia, awareness can be perceived as stationary, or non-mobile, the mind merely synthesizing the convincing subjective effect of movement. It is possible to feel, or "see with the third eye", that the only place where the experiences of motion and the controller actually reside is in information space.

*Ontic solipsism* is the denial that other minds exist. I cannot tell whether any conscious creatures exist outside my mind. In my experience, dynamic tokens arise and act consistently like self-existent entities. They are like spirits in my head, constructed by auxiliary functions of my own mind, and kept separate from my self-construct by mental categorizing. After the experience of a

love-bite from my cat, I swiftly moved my apparent arm toward the appearance of a cat, and although I heard a smacking sound as the cat-image fell to the floor, I cannot tell whether there is in fact a referent 'cat' object in the external realm. The cat-image ran away and disappeared, and is missing from the photograph I took of this scene. Maybe I never apprehended a cat at all—but my hand has tooth marks.

I am not sure my friend exists; all I have is a picture of him. Every time I perceive this alleg-



edly existing person, that glob of perceptions in my head acts in a consistent pattern. When I tell my friend-symbol in my mind that as far as I know, he might only be a mental image, a mere complex idea, that friend symbol jokes nervously with me, reliably. Other minds, including cats and people, might not exist at all, except as apparently self-willed images in my mind, separate from the

which is one of the core ideas of Western philosophy. In magical, pre-rational awareness, and in modern ego-consciousness, there is confusion between the realms of the mind's symbols and the objects referred to by those symbols, which leads to the assumption that mental constructs are not symbols but are the represented objects themselves. In transcendence or mastery of perception,

... in modern ego-consciousness, there is confusion between the realms of the mind's symbols and the objects referred to by those symbols.

control system that I call my self-control. My center of personal activity has a certain type of interactive control over these "other mind" constructs that arise in my thought.

As I look out into this room during a schizophrenic break, not only is the impression of the desk wavering and disintegrating into component perceptions, not only is my friend looking more and more like a cartoon created by a loose mind, but the perception of myself is splitting into two layers: a distant, hypothesized object on the other side of my wall of senses, and a mental fabrication immediately present to awareness, merely posing as that object. In loose cognition, it is easy to apprehend the self-symbol as such: a convenient cognitive self-deception. All experience is in the form of mental constructs, which serve as a cartoonish reproduction of the world, and I only know this inner dweller in the form of a mental construct, the cartoon demon of "myself".

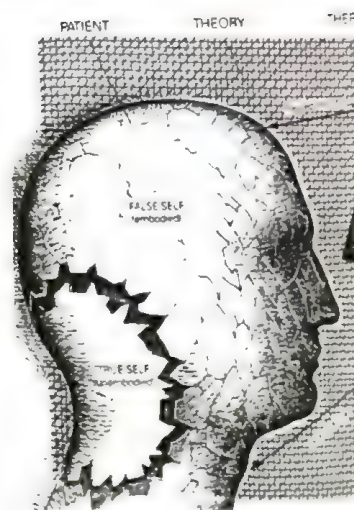
Taking a fresh, loose look at my own cognitive functioning, it appears that the activities of my mind are themselves misconstrued, and my thinking and assumptions about my own cognition are only trustworthy when compensated by deeply pervasive skepticism. For example, I definitely perceive the experience of something called "will" or "self-control", but that perception changes during advanced meditation, when it appears that my will just emanates from within me by itself—from a place within me that I cannot see. My willed actions then appear to emanate from beyond my awareness.

Eastern and Western philosophy have only recently met. The work to combine them has barely begun. It's a commonplace idea in Eastern philosophy that faith in external reality is extravagant. This idea combines easily with solipsism,

the mind learns to be skeptical about its own perceptions and hypotheses. The advanced mind learns to draw conclusions that are always held with reservations about its ability to perceive the world, including the partly hidden, partly hallucinatory inner world and its delusional inhabitant.

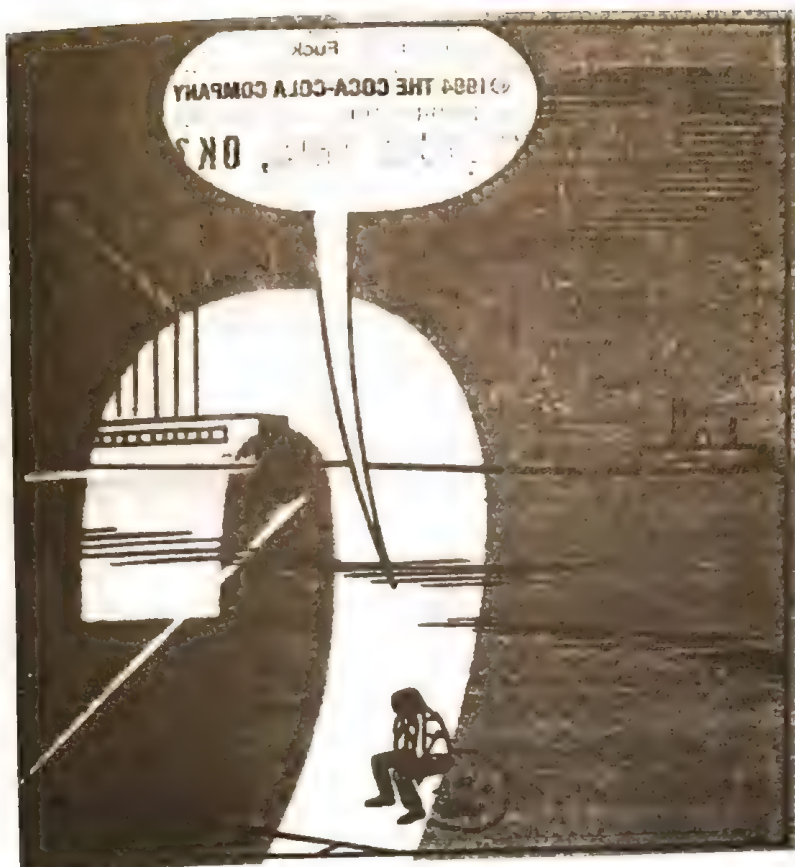
Michael Hoffman appeared on The WELL, and posted a half-meg stream of psychoactive prose before we asked him to put a rope around it and rein in a piece for FWR. This piece is said to be the genesis of a book-length project.

1/e\*



5:24 →





# N D MAGAZINE

Issue 18

Interviews with Chris & Cosey (UK), Swedish trans-media duo Phauss, electronic composer Thomas Dimuzio, Spanish composer Francisco López, Dutch experimental band De Fabriek, Scottish politico-art-band Dog Faced Hermans, plus a historical profile on the German label Selektion and the composers Ralf Wehowsky (P16 D4), Achim Wollscheid (S.B.O.T.H.I.), and Bernhard Günter. As well as hundreds of audio and publication reviews, mailart listings, and international media contacts. 72 pages (\$3.75)

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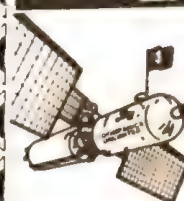
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# Weird Science goes Camping

## Area 51 Viewer's Guide

by Erika Whiteway, [outriderwell.com](http://outriderwell.com)

My friend Josh just came back from yet another trip to Nevada's "Area 51", the UFO sighting hotspot. From his last visit he brought me a rusted tin can full of sand, a giant rusted nut-n-bolt thing that is now a candle holder, and a clump of weeds he thought was sage; he was rather sad when I told him it wasn't, but it was a perfectly nice weed-clump just the same. This time he brought me a copy of Glenn Campbell's "Area 51 Viewer's Guide," which though I've never been there allows me to spout-off knowingly, like a seasoned visitor, about the Black Mailbox, Route 375, and, as Mr. Campbell puts it, "the comedy, tragedy, pathos & drama" of the so-called Alien Highway. Heck, I don't even have to go there now, and this is excellent because I really hate to leave the house these days: too many aliens out there, both terrestrial and extra, all of whom have drivers licenses and congregate in California, but Governor Pete has promised to do something about "the alien problem" and if he is re-elected I'm sure he will erect some enormous dome-like sky-border that will turn California into a seething cauldron of bad tempers and carbon monoxide, and on the upside will create jobs and save us for later destruction. Rather than venture out, I prefer to sit in my salvaged free hot-tub, gazing at the night sky in search of Schwa—everything in the sky is Schwa to me. There's all sorts of weird shit up there, things that no one ever believes when I tell them.

*A true flying saucer, if there is one, would be an object that could change direction abruptly, travel vertically as easily as horizontally...appears to jump from one point to another in the sky almost instantaneously... [NB: italicized quotes come from the Area 51 Viewer's Guide]*

"There is nothing in the sky that 'goes bippin' back and forth and up and down'," said my husband one night, not even bothering to look up, as we parboiled ourselves into relaxedness, "except maybe a satellite." Okay, it's a satellite then; we are the only intelligent beings in the whole megaverse and we know Everything and Everything has a rational explanation.

*...however, one should keep in mind that natural oscillations of the eye can also generate this apparent movement in isolated light.*

It's not that I believe in alien abductions or that we are being visited regularly by flying saucers, but I don't disbelieve it either. It's probably the only issue on which I am absolutely Swiss. However, being fond of hyperbole and having what every teacher I ever had since Day One called "an active imagination", I prefer to think of inexplicable skylings as...aliens, UFOs, things and beings that make this world itsy-bitsier and therefore my life less crucial, also providing hope that somewhere some beings are not fucking stuff up as badly as we are here. Or perhaps they have fucked Their

**Rather than venture out, I prefer to sit in my salvaged free hot-tub, gazing at the night sky in search of Schwa everything in the sky is Schwa to me.**

stuff up so irreparably that They are here in search of fresh meat and new territory which means... which means Oh Shit! Hide! Kill me now! Maybe that's why I don't want to seek out ETs in Nevada, even though I am now armed with everything I could possibly want to know about Area 51 and the tiny town of Rachel, home of the A-Le-Inn. I have enough data to create an illusion of safety.

*That does not mean you are safe from all threats, however. The saucer nut's greatest enemy is himself if he does not understand his own limitations and the natural dangers of the desert.*

I am no saucer nut, I just like the idea of staying at a place called the A-Le-Inn because the name is so kitchy-catchy, like a pair of cactus-n-pueblo salt-n-pepper shakers bought at a long-gone roadside store on Route 66 which has nothing to do with anything here. "Hey, Kookie, lend me your comb..."

*In UFO research, it can be hard to distill the truth from the overwhelming ocean of*

*rumors, ideologies, hyperbole, hoaxes, and false perceptions. Thus, I have chosen in this document to stay as close as possible to concrete, undeniable fact.*

Glenn Campbell (I assume I'm the only person reading this who doesn't know this man: he has nothing to do with *The Wichita Lineman*) tells all in the *Guide*, from the mundane to the technical, from FAQs and local lore to flight schedules at the airport and the price of breakfast at the Palace Station (\$3.95).

In the back of the *Guide* are profuse and detailed maps, references, bibliographies, logs of tv and radio appearances by various ufologists, a one-page catalog, and a list of recommended books, movies, etc. The first movie on this list, his favor-

ite, happens to be my fave too, *Paris, Texas*, whose lone flaw, he says, is that it "suffer[s] from a lack of UFOs".

Even if you aren't rabidly interested in spotting spaceships or getting a glimpse of secret "Black Budget" government aircraft, but just want to do some hiking or discover a ghost town or fall down a mine shaft and starve to death after many painful hours with scorpions and big spiders in the dark, this is a great guide. He even tells you how to take good photographs (and when/where not to be seen with a camera), cautions you about "desert nasties" (critters that bite and/or sting), implores you to bring lots of water, sunblock and proper clothes ("I have two words of advice: 'thermal underwear'"), and offers tips on how to deal with "the cammo dudes", government guys in mirror shades and camouflage suits who tend to appear suddenly and without warning and try to talk you into letting them search your backpack and take your camera. Maybe these are the aliens everyone's looking for, and because they're so THERE they are overlooked, like the trees you can't see in the forest. A visit by the County Sher-



# X-Files

by Robert Campanell, [robcamp@well.com](mailto:robcamp@well.com)

Dull, Friday night tv has **changed** since *The X-Files* premiered on FOX...a show so different, so weird, it's gained both hardcore cult and ongoing critical acclaim.

The X-Files, i.e. unexplained mysteries, are investigated by two FBI agents: Fox Mulder (David Duchovny), an obsessive believer in paranormal phenomena; and partner Dana Scully (Gillian Anderson), an MD who believes all can be explained rationally from evidence.

Creator/exec-producer Chris Carter began as a freelance writer, working and travelling abroad. As a screenwriter for Walt Disney Studios, he earned a rep for writing kids' voices. He left Disney to co-produce a comedy series *Rags to Riches*, but returned in '89 as creator/exec-producer for *Brand New Life*, a comedy in Disney's Sunday night lineup. With a rep as a producer, Fox wooed him in '92, asking what he'd like to do...

A: a creepy show like Dan Curtis' *The Night Stalker*, a 70s series featuring Karl Kolchak (Darren McGavin), a reporter whose encounters resembled Mulder/Scully's fringe haps. *Night Stalker* had been a favorite of Carter's, with a cult following hip media execs recognize as Commercial Potential. Fox bought the pilot plus 13 episodes of *The X-Files*. "I didn't realize until we started this that the sci-fi label would extend as far," says Carter, "I still think this show is about speculative scientific possibilities and we try to tie it to science."

Episode ideas spawn from the writers/producers: "They have a wide knowledge of paranormal phenomena, and a library to go with it." Group process develops each show: "We see a story in the newspaper, something on the science pages of the *NY Times*, or in scientific journals...turn it into an '**X-File**' which involves some sort of advance in science, some kind of scientific anomaly."

Their incredible library was evident in the EBE (extraterrestrial biological entity) episode: "They were able to write a story using a lot of very factual, if you will, information from these UFO networks and organizations."

Carter reads email at [foxnet@delphi.com](mailto:foxnet@delphi.com): "I find it fascinating, because it's immediate feedback from the fans of the show. They see the smallest things, and they actually put pieces together that I would never have imagined. I think there's a hardcore audience out there who are cataloging 'X-Files' trivia." Catch some of that on [alt.tv/x-files](http://alt.tv/x-files), along with reports of actual "X-Files", like strange bacterial deaths in Iceland.

FTP: mtp034.mis.semi.harris.com in /xfiles

**WWW:** <http://www.rutgers.edu/x-files/html>

iff is the most common "alien" encounter in the area

*There is nothing...to suggest that current alien activity is greater here than anyplace else. That said, cattle mutilations have been reported nearby. Reputable ranchers near Alamo claim to have lost a number of animals to this mysterious 'disease'—that is, all blood drained from the body without a drop on the ground, laser-like 'zipper' incisions in the corpse and parts of the body surgically removed. Human abductions have also been reported.*

Campbell does his **best** to put this place in its place. He debunks the many myths with detailed explanations of "Golden Orbs", "Golden Pearls", dust devils, bumblebee and strobe effects, the "Aurora Roar", blue flames and car headlights. The writing is chatty and **entertaining** and his research is thorough: he has gone to great pains **NOT** to add to the hysteria generated by people who take one trip to Rachel, expecting to see weird glowing alien aircraft and convince themselves they actually see them...

*They come here on a Wednesday night, see a few ambiguous lights, and it confirms their whole world view. They leave the next morning immensely satisfied... convinced that they have absolute proof of everything they always knew anyway.*

...then they go home and call their friend who writes a dippy column for some local paper, the piece goes out over the AP wire, is picked up by a stringer for the *London Star* who has been playing darts and swilling pints of Watney's for sixteen hours in some East End pub with a bucktoothed girlie named Sheila he's been trying to impress by telling her he's a "journalist" and he's THIS CLOSE to getting her to back to his flat, and soon the story becomes another "Aliens Made Fine Jewellery With My Braincells" headline on every tabloid paper and Geraldo/Phil/Oprah/Whosit show until the rest of us are confused, disgruntled and have had it up to HERE with the media, to the point of ho-hum-think-I'll-take-my-Uzi-out-for-a-Big-Mac. Which is one reason why I really do hope there is another habitable planet out there and they send an emissary for me soon: when I watch for signs of Schwa this is my hope.

Campbell has put this *Guide* together on his own time and at his own expense. It's available for \$15 plus \$3.50 s/h from:

Secrecy Oversight Council (or Glenn Campbell)  
HCR Box 38  
Rachel, Nevada 89001 USA

This January, he started a newsletter, *The Groom Lake Desert Rat*, which is available by subscription (\$1.50/issue or \$10 for the next 10), or free via email by sending a message to [psychosp@aol.com](mailto:psychosp@aol.com)

*I'd also like to hear about your UFO and secret aircraft sightings...it is more important to describe what you saw from your viewpoint than trying to interpret what it was. 'I saw a 500 foot space ship travel 10,000 miles an hour,' is not as useful as, 'I saw a steady blue-white light 5 times brighter than Venus traverse 30 arc degrees in about 3 seconds.' Like everyone else, I want to hear about truly bizarre objects that seem to defy the laws of physics, but I am also interested in the merely spectacular operations of earthly craft...*

This is a fab, must-have book for anyone. Even if you aren't into aliens and UFOs, it's a great reference book and illuminating coffee-table balast. Its fine, nutty flavor makes it the perfect accompaniment to anything.

Erika Whiteway, a **low-level** doomsday paranoid, has written for *National Lampoon*, *California Magazine*, contrib. editor @ *Thrasher Mag* (The Early Years); is an artist and musician, was bassplayer/songwriter for a popular all-gal San Fran band *The Stir-Ups*, and is a Contributing Editor for *FWR*. If the whole world operated on the *FringeWare* Principal, she would live easier in it.

Rob Campanell produces the U Network tv series, *Cyberia*. He lives in the same city where extraterrestrial biological entities make frequent visits to advise the President of the United States.

c/o Explicit  
2020 Pennsylvania Ave NW, Suite 430  
Washington, DC 20006 USA



# (alleged) *UFO* crashes

by Todd Biggs, toddb@wrq.com

The following list of UFO crashes was compiled by the Phoenix Foundation from numerous sources within the Gemstone Intelligence Network (GIN), an international intelligence organization founded and operated by the Phoenix Foundation. For further information on Phoenix Foundation membership or to receive the organization's newsletter, please contact:

The Phoenix Foundation, Research Division  
PO Box 92008  
Nashville, Tennessee 37209 USA

## **April 17, 1897 - Aurora, Texas**

A mysterious airship is said to have crashed in this town, exploding into many small fragments. Reportedly, the occupant was child-size and greenish, and the craft contained papers covered with hieroglyphics. The pilot's body is supposed to be buried in the local cemetery. Although the case was widely regarded as a hoax, new investigation brought to light a peculiar alloy that was eventually analyzed by the McDonnell Aircraft Company.

## **Dec. 22, 1909 - Chicago, Illinois**

Six years after Kitty Hawk, newspapers from New York to Chicago were astounded by national reports of a huge airship flying across the nation and seen by thousands. It crashed west of Chicago, but was never found. The story was front-page news in the nation's major newspapers.

## **1933 or 1934 - Ubatuba, Brazil**

Witnesses on a beach are said to have seen a disc dive and explode, showering the area with silvery fragments of highly pure magnesium.

## **May, 1947 - Spitzbergen, Norway**

A report by journalist Dorothy Kilgallen stated that British scientists and airmen were excavating the wreckage of a mysterious flying ship. The Swedish military acknowledged its extraterrestrial origin and reported 17 bodies were found. The story appeared as a tiny blip for only one day in the U.S. news media before it was silenced by the military. I personally saw this news story years ago.

## **July 2, 1947 - Roswell, New Mexico**

The most famous and thoroughly investigated by journalists, this is the crash that launched Majestic-12. It was the first and only time the US government publicly admitted it had recovered a crashed flying saucer. Within hours, the craft was whisked off to Wright-Patterson AFB and a new cover story emerged, claiming it had been only a weather balloon. In recent years, the officer responsible for that cover story has recanted. Three or four humanoid bodies were recovered; one was alive for a short time.

## **February 13, 1948 - Aztec, New Mexico**

Three radar units tracked a falling UFO. Secretary of State George C. Marshall requested a search party be dispatched from Camp Hale in Colorado. A helicopter team found a crashed 30-foot disc 12 miles northeast of Aztec and recovered 2-12 badly burned humanoids. The disc is stored in Hangar 18 at Wright-Patterson AFB near Dayton, Ohio.





### August 1948 - Laredo, Texas

Four officers witnessed the crash of an object and the recovery of bodies 38 miles south of Laredo, Texas, in Mexico. The information came from an NBC affiliate in Chicago, who received it from a source in Army security.

### August 19, 1949 - Death Valley, California

Two prospectors named Mace Garney and Buck Fitzgerald claimed to have watched an object crash in the desert. It was a 24-foot disc. The story appeared on page 13 of the local Bakersfield newspaper the next day.

### Before 1950 - Mexico

Roy L. Dimmick, sales manager for the Apache Powder Company of Los Angeles, spoke with a man from Mexico and another from Ecuador who had seen a disc crash near Mexico City.

### April 1950 - Argentina

Mr. E.C. Bossa found a strange disc and four small dead pilots in a remote region of Argentina.

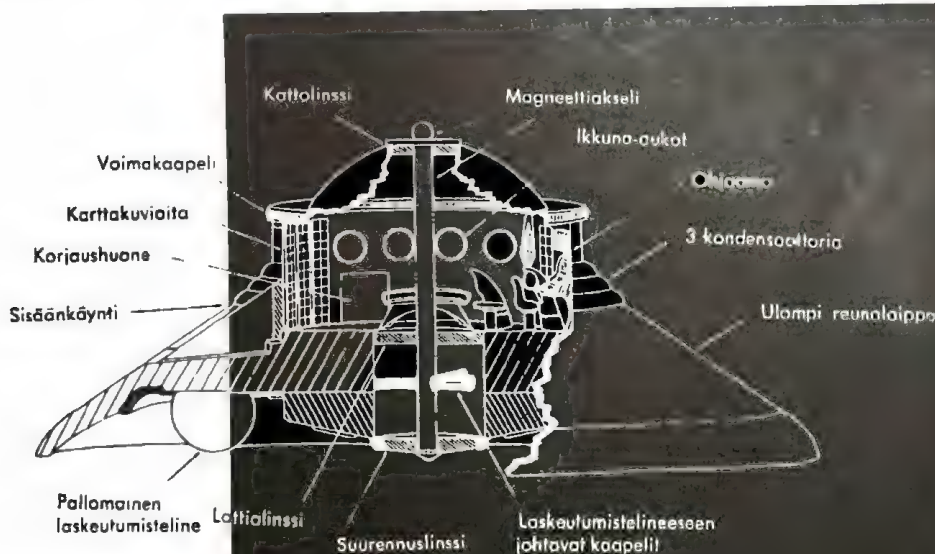
room inside a fenced-off compound and asked to sign a statement. While doing so, he says he saw two men carrying large laundry bags containing humanoid bodies.

### May 21, 1953 - Kingman, Arizona

A USAF veteran claims to have participated in the recovery of a crashed aluminum-like disc impacted 20 inches into the earth. It was oval, 32 feet wide. Inside were two swivel chairs, an oval cabin and numerous instruments. One 4-foot-tall occupant was recovered, dead. It had a dark brown complexion and wore a silvery metal suit with no helmet. The witness' affidavit was released by respected UFO researcher Ray Fowler in *UFO Magazine*, April 1976.

### Mid-1950s - Birmingham, Alabama

When a disc crashed near Birmingham, the area was cordoned off and humanoid bodies were flown to Maxwell AFB, according to a man who claims to have flown the helicopter with the bodies to a waiting aircraft.



He returned with a friend the next day and found only a pile of warm ashes. A cigar-shaped object was seen briefly as it flew overhead at a high altitude.

### 1953 - Brady, Montana

Mr. C.M. Tenney, returning from Great Falls to Conrad, saw an oval object that followed his car while balls of fire fell all over the road. Later that day he was phoned by a colonel from Malmstrom AFB who asked him to come to the base at 10am the next day. He was escorted to a windowless

### Spring 1954 - Mattydale, New York

In this suburb of Syracuse, at 3am on a Sunday, an information specialist and his wife saw a 20-foot-wide object being examined on the ground by several men who were taking pictures. The next day an officer told them the event was a military secret. Later, police denied the whole incident ever took place.

### 1959 - Frdymia, Poland

An object was reported to have fallen into the harbor. Divers recovered pieces of shiny metal, which was examined by the Polytechnic Institute and Polish Navy. Some material was reportedly lost. Several days later a small humanoid was found on a nearby beach; its remains were sent to the Soviet Union.

### March 1960 - New Paltz, New York

Local law enforcement authorities captured a small humanoid outside his craft while two copilots escaped. The alien was turned over to the CIA and died 28 days later.

### January 1967 - Southwest Missouri

Mr. Loftin found a 40-inch disc and gave it to the U.S. Testing Company for analysis.

### November 9, 1974 - Carbondale, New Jersey

A glowing object fell into a small lake outside town. Three teenagers saw it fall at 7:30pm on a Saturday. They observed a yellow-white glow under the water that shifted to a point 25 feet offshore. The boys were kept in a police car for three hours while a number of vehicles with floodlights and cranes removed a disc-shaped object and put it into a van. The following Monday, a railroad lantern and battery were recovered from the lake and officials called the whole thing a hoax. Hoax? Or cover story?

### May 17, 1974 - Chili, New Mexico

A USAF team allegedly removed a 60-foot-wide metallic object from an impact area and moved it to Kirtland AFB.

### May 6, 1978 - Padcaya, Bolivia

A large luminous object crashed on a 13,000-foot mountain. An expedition of soldiers and scientists was dispatched to the site, but was delayed by bad weather. They found nothing.

### 1978 - Soviet Union

After a collision with a Soviet fighter plane, a disc-shaped object fell into the ocean off Finland where it was recovered—with humanoid bodies—by a Soviet salvage team.

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alt.alien.visitors, alt.paranet.ufo





# ET UFO resources in c-space

by Steve Mizrach, [seeker1@nervm.nerdc.efl.edu](mailto:seeker1@nervm.nerdc.efl.edu)

CyberAnthropologist, TechnoCulturalist, Guerilla Ontologist, Chaotician, Discordian Society, Counter-Illuminati Operations Branch

"The map is not the territory."—Alfred Korzybski

"The menu is not the meal."—Alan Watts

## PART I: WHAT RESOURCES ARE OUT THERE?

You're tired of reading all the UFO magazines and 'zines, latest UFO books, and UFO newsclippings. You can't stand to watch UFO TV programs like "Unsolved Mysteries" or documentaries or videos anymore. You don't think you can bear to go to yet another UFO conference, convention, or symposium. Your local UFO group/chapter/abduction support-group/occult-bookstore just isn't fun to hang out at anymore. Your eyes are starting to hurt from watching the skies for too long. What do you do?

Sit down in front of your computer terminal! There's a heckuva lot of UFO stuff out there in cyberspace. Get online, dial a BBS or jack into the Internet, and check it out! For the hardcore UFO enthusiast, cyberspace may provide just the "fix" you need for your addiction. This is just a small, incomplete list of what you can find in the Matrix.

There's an interesting "interface" developing between UFOlogy and cyberspace. Computer scientists like Jacques Vallee have often suggested that UFOs themselves may act like a cybernetic 'control system,' and that the nature of "reality" itself may be like a hologram/VR/computer program.

Many people have begun examining the UFO problem from the framework of "Cyberbiology"—especially the Archaeus Project—using a systems approach that more closely factors in the state of the percipient...computer analysis is also being used to find various patterns in sightings, crop circles, mutilations, and other UFO-related phenomena. Like many other disciplines, UFOlogy has definitely been impacted by the personal computer revolution.

### MUFON Amateur Radio Network

28.470 MHz—Sunday, 3 PM EST USB—  
Alternate if 10 meters is dead: 20 meters—14.264 MHz—Sunday, 1515 h

ASA ComputHelp	+1 614 476 3723	Westerville OH
Abyss	+1 703 823 6591	Alexandria VA
Aerie	+1 803 747 8911	Charleston SC
Bedlam	+1 407 894 4980	Orlando FL
Ben was Bored	+1 305 458 2998	Hallandale FL
C.O.M.A.	+1 804 971 2498	Charlottesville VA
CCI NADEN	+1 901 366 7221	Memphis TN
Chatter Box	+1 504 775 7825	Baker LA
Command Line	+1 612 788 6685	Minneapolis MN
Cops-N-Hams	+1 904 678 5998	Valparaiso FL
Crystal Cave	+1 719 391 1092	Wilderfield CO
Dallas Remote Imaging	+1 214 394 7323	Carrollton TX
Dark Star	+1 904 581 2646	Hurlburt Fld FL
Desert Frezzy	+1 702 453 7948	Las Vegas NV
DataBank	+1 214 681 2218	Dallas TX
Digital Underground	+1 904 729 2110	Edlin AFB FL
Discovery	+1 205 637 9448	Hillsboro AL
Dragon's Keep	+1 513 427 2803	Dayton OH
Encounter	+1 602 814 1491	Gilbert AZ
File Bank	+1 303 534 4311	Denver CO
Flame	+1 904 286 5125	Tyndall AFB FL
Force Emporium	+1 904 436 2092	Pensacola FL
Fortean Research Co.	+1 402 488 2587	Lincoln NE
Gates of Delirium	+1 916 446 7286	Sacramento CA
Gomo's Place	+1 210 436 4210	San Antonio TX
Ground Zero	+1 813 849 4034	Northridge CA
Highland Lakes	+1 915 388 3209	Marble Falls TX
Homebody	+1 407 322 3592	Sanford FL
LightHouse	+1 215 543 6734	Philadelphia PA
Magic Box	+1 313 544 3653	Oak MI
Magpie	+1 812 793 2237	Croftersville IN
MuNet BBS Network	+1 901 785 4943	Memphis TN
Mufon/Ad	+1 404 519 0431	Atlanta GA
Nightmare	+1 304 485 5910	Parthenburg WV
Pegasus of Orion	+1 719 687 2749	Woodstock CO
Planet 10	+1 904 678 5390	WiltonBeh CA
Photo Daily Ledger	+1 904 837 0111	Danville IL
QST	+1 916 920 1208	San Francisco CA
Quantum Shift	+1 904 478 1161	Pensacola FL
Rainbow QuickBBS	+1 501 646 5812	Edin, Smith AR
Random Oblivion	+1 904 939 3253	Newman IL
Rat's Edge	+1 716 964 7968	Hempstead NY
Nick's Fantasy Land	+1 904 664 6582	MyValconBdy FL
Ran Silent Run Drive	+1 901 363 8664	Memphis TN
Sinful Port	+1 601 366 1803	Jackson MS
Sinix Mail	+1 612 780 5916	Lino Lakes MN
SkyWatch	+1 602 692 0509	Kingman AZ
Skylark	+1 612 323 9912	Andover MN
Space/Aviation	+1 407 632 7992	Cocoa FL
Sparks	+1 704 297 5973	Wills NC
Starview BBS	+1 509 758 9547	Clarkston WA
Sunquest	+1 509 758 6248	Clarkston WA
Swallo PC	+1 813 862 0601	Port Richey FL
T.E.C. C.B.C.	+1 812 522 6965	Seymour IN
TanStar Bulletin Board	+1 512 556 2524	Lampasas TX
Thirst for Knowledge	+1 512 454 8065	Austin TX
UFOline	+1 713 688 2080	Houston TX
UFOria	+1 703 803 6420	Clifton VA
Urss Major	+1 310 545 7216	ManhatBeh CA
Wandering Consultant	+1 719 591 4403	Security CO
XBN	+1 508 586 6977	Brockton MA
Zips R Us	+1 812 752 7388	Scottsburg IN

## PARANET Information Service

Internet Mailings: to get the current postings from ParaNet send a mail message to:

[infopara-request@scicom.alphacdc.com](mailto:infopara-request@scicom.alphacdc.com)

—with the word "Subscribe" in the subject line. The INFOPARA archives contain a lot of stuff—the index itself is 108K.

## Usenet Newsgroups

Check: [alt.paranet.abduct](mailto:alt.paranet.abduct), [alt.paranet.paranormal](mailto:alt.paranet.paranormal), [alt.paranet.psi](mailto:alt.paranet.psi), [alt.paranet.ufo](mailto:alt.paranet.ufo), [alt.paranet.science](mailto:alt.paranet.science), [alt.paranet.skeptic](mailto:alt.paranet.skeptic)

## Continuum

The official 'hardcopy' news magazine for ParaNet and MICAP. It is published quarterly and provides thought-provoking information and articles written by leading UFOlogists. This magazine provides global insight and reflects material carried over the world-wide ParaNet Information Service network. Subscriptions are \$18.00/year and are available by sending checks for U.S. funds to:

### ParaNet

PO Box 172

Wheat Ridge, CO 80034-0172 USA

### ParaNet Information Service Headquarters

Contact:

Michael Corbin, Administrator

PO Box 928

Wheatridge, CO 80034-0928 USA

+1 303 420 6758 Office

+1 303 431 1343 Data/Fax

FidoNet Address: I:104/422

## US PARANET Nodes Listing

Others exist in Europe, Australia, etc. Canada, blank nodes deleted—this list is guaranteed to be partially incomplete and/or inaccurate as it's always changing:

Board	Location	Sysop	Data Phone	Baud	FidoNet
<b>ParaNet/CIS ID</b>					
ALPHA	Denver, CO	Michael Corbin	+1 303 431 1343	9600	104/422
<b>Don Ecker/Co-Sysop, HQ Node</b>					
GAMMA	Lexington, KY	Doug Rogers	+1 606 271 0558	2400	108/110
EPSILON	Warren, MI	Jacques Leclerc	+1 313 751 4057	2400	120/80
ZETA	Bethany Pk, IN	Terry Fields	+1 317 831 1827	2400	231/40
LAMBDA	Fairport, NY	Brett Langton	+1 716 377 3985	2400	
MU	Sandy Hk, CT	Brett Siedman	+1 203 270 1913	2400	141/790
XI-BETA	Oklahoma City, OK	H. 'Ski' Skinner	+1 405 672 0326	9600	147/19
<b>Sagestarius I</b>					
OMICRON	Bushkill, PA	Paul Faeder	+1 717 588 7549	2400	13/60
PI	Austin, TX	John Cauley	+1 512 331 7447	2400	382/53
RHO	Chicago, IL	Jerry Abian	+1 312 876 3652	1200	115/876
TAU	Ft. Smith, AR	Bryon Smith	+1 501 646 5812	2400	19/19
UPSILON	Boston, MA	D. Patterson	+1 617 354 2171	2400	101/667
<b>Yikung Magick</b>					
PHI	B'ham, AL	Bill Freeman	+1 205 854 2308	2400	
CHI	Nashua, NH	Ralph Schwarz	+1 603 888 3840	9600	132/113
PSI	Flagstaff, AZ	Linda Murphy	+1 602 526 8025	9600	304/1

## Misc. UFO Boards

Safespace Network	+1 213 734 4800
Illuminet	+1 404 377 1141
5th Generation Systems	+1 716 377 3985
Skunk River BBS	+1 515 673 3763
UFO Intelligence Network	+1 416 459 6259
The File Bank	+1 303 534 4501
CERN BBS (UFOline)	+1 713 558 5342
UFOs R' Us	+1 713 391 0561
Computer UFO Network (CUFON)	+1 206 776 0382
Fortean Research Center (FRC)	+1 402 488 2587
UFO, Paranormal, Conspiracy BBS (Elite Enterprises)	+1 312 604 8161
Transcendental Communications (LAMAT)	+1 714 599 6769/6270/5045





## DISTRIBUTED BBS NETWORKS

These are too numerous to list. But the ones that are the most widespread—FidoNet, OPUS/Rime, OneNet, RelayNet, etc. generally carry UFO or paranormal echomail groups. The main thing I'm recommending—check out any BBS that carries echomail in your local area code, even if it's not anything as widespread as Fido. Chances are, one of those echomail groups might be UFO-related: so if you post on it, your posting is going out to everywhere there are echoes in the U.S. (or the world), and it's as good in some ways as putting something on Usenet... all for the price of a local call.

Using the various echomail UFO conferences is an affordable alternative to dialing UFO BBSs outside your area code, because they are generally carried on the major UFO BBSes also. If you want to save money on long-distance calls to UFO boards (and you're not a phreak), look into packet-switching services on Public Data Networks (PDN). Right now, the major PSS (PC Pursuit) is no longer available, and many of the others are not 'open platforms' allowing you to dial out wherever you want to—instead they just offer direct connections to various boards. The only one I'm aware of that does allow you to 'openly' dial out (to anywhere they currently have connections) is *Global Access* in Charlotte, NC.

## Gopher

UFONet—UFO and Alien information—can be found *gopher.tsg.com* (this gopher was not up the last time I tried it, but they're working on it.) *Spies in the Wire* (Internet Wiretap)—*gopher2.ccu.edu.tw*—their gopher and The World's (world.std.com) have some misc. UFO information.

## IRC

Channel #UFO may be up from time to time; like most IRC/Undernet channels, it's a haphazard thing.

## Mailing lists

UFO-L@PSUVM maintains some interesting files on the listserver too, skunk-works-request@orchestra.ecn.purdue.edu for discussion of Lockheed, the Skunk Works, "black" aviation projects, etc.

LERI@PYRAMID.COM

ALEPH-L@PYRAMID.COM

FNORD-L@UBVM



...are lists which discuss metaprogramming, Discordianism, Terrence McKenna, and other things which are tangential to UFOlogy...

## Telnet/BBS

ISCABBS: grind.isca.uiowa.edu (128.255.19.233) You can telnet here for their weirdness forums, or ftp into their info/paranet archive...Skynet: hpx5.aid.no, check out *Far Side* forum...Quartz Hotel: quartz.rutgers.edu, check out *Unexpl. Phenom.* forum.

## UFO Pictures (GIFs)

ftp archives can be found at phoenix.slu.se (130.231.240.17), nssdca.gsfc.nasa.gov (login: NODIS), vab02.larc.nasa.gov, ames.arc.nasa.gov, iris1.ucis.dal.ca, and archive.umich.edu.

## The Swamp Gas Journal

Email to: rutkows@ccu.umanitoba.ca (Chris Rutkowski)—for an email subscription or inquiries—can also be found in most etext archives.

## Net Docs

UFO bibliography: URL is ftp://paul.rutgers.edu/pub/UFO/bibliography.Z UFO FAQ—can be found in alt.alien.visitors archives: highly recommended! *High Weirdness by Email* (HWbE)—this doc is all over the place, email the Rev. Finagle (durfling@grin1.bitnet) for the most recent version

## COMMERCIAL SERVICES

Remember folks—you pay \$\$\$ for these, but they can occasionally be worth it. Just don't lose track of the time spent online in their UFO forums.

I can only tell you about the ones I've accessed—the ones I haven't (like Prodigy or BIX or Peacenet) you're on your own with.

## America Online

Lacks any real UFO/paranormal forum. Right now, there are just isolated discussions in their miscellaneous "special interest" lifestyle area. If you're an AOL user, TELL THEM YOU WANT A REAL PARANORMAL FORUM! In the meantime, in the Omni Magazine Online forum, you can find some interesting UFO files and discussion in their Antimatter area.

## Compuserve

Some nice files and discussion can be found in their Paranormal library/message area, in the Issues Forum.

## The WELL

There are lots of interesting areas on The WELL but for the true UFO buff, check out the Fringes of Reason (g fringes) conference. You can telnet to the well at well.com—and they have a (free) gopher too!

## MindVox

MindVox carries a UFO message forum—it contains some often lively and interesting discussion. They also have a free gopher, and are telnet-able at phantom.com. One of the more affordable services.

## LEXIS/NEXIS

This news/legal database is often available to students at universities for free or low-cost. Access, depending on your situation, can be affordable. It's a good way to find UFO newsclippings online quickly and easily, using keyword searches like "alien" or "UFO."

## PART II: CAVEAT LECTOR

There are some risks to doing UFO cyber-ufology. I would be derelict in my duty not to warn you about those. One thing you should know straight away is that, long before Usenet or email, the UFO field was filled with a lot of obsessed "neurots." But originally the UFO field in the 40s and 50s was limited to a small number of enthusiasts, who sent around illegible little xeroxed newsletters to each other (the original 'zines), attacking the government for not revealing the truth to them. Now, with telecommunications as an affordable option to many people, any loon with any interest whatsoever in UFOs can get online. If you thought flame wars were bad elsewhere, just lurk in some of the UFO newsgroups. It's like sitting in a sauna.

UFOlogists have always been bashing each other, from the very beginning, over whether this or that case is a hoax, whether this or that hypothesis is "the answer" or simply preposterous, whether the "aliens" are from Proxima Centauri or a black hole near Uranus, whether this or that UFO personality is a liar or a disinformant, whether this or that UFO group has been 'infiltrated,' etc. From the beginning, many UFO buffs have been excessively paranoid, dogmatic, and egotistic. It's a field that has a high weirdness factor in itself, but as John Keel suggests, it draws even weirder people like magnets. Obsessional people—the kind that will fill your mailbox with dozens of messages a day—have your kill filters ready.



In any UFOlogy conference in cyberspace, you're likely to see complete maniacs like James "Kibo" Parry, who get a laugh out of the topic and think they have a right to say idiotic things over and over again, as if their humor improves with practice; complete skeptics who continually flame the supposed "true believers" in the conference for being so foolish/naive/credulous/etc.; and complete "Answer Men" who think they know WHAT the UFOs are, WHERE in the solar system they are based, HOW their propulsion systems work, WHY they're here, and WHEN the first UFO is going to land on the White House lawn. Between the jokesters, skeptics, and Answer Men, people sincerely interested in the problem—and people who want to report their own sighting/encounter—are often drowned out.

It's not a good idea to report your own sightings or encounters in a public UFOlogy forum. The skeptics and jokesters will harass you, and the Answer Men won't leave you alone until you agree that they are the ones who know best what REALLY happened to you. Hence, I sincerely recommend you find one of the more private sightings report areas on UFO boards maintained by professional organizations. Or call their sightings

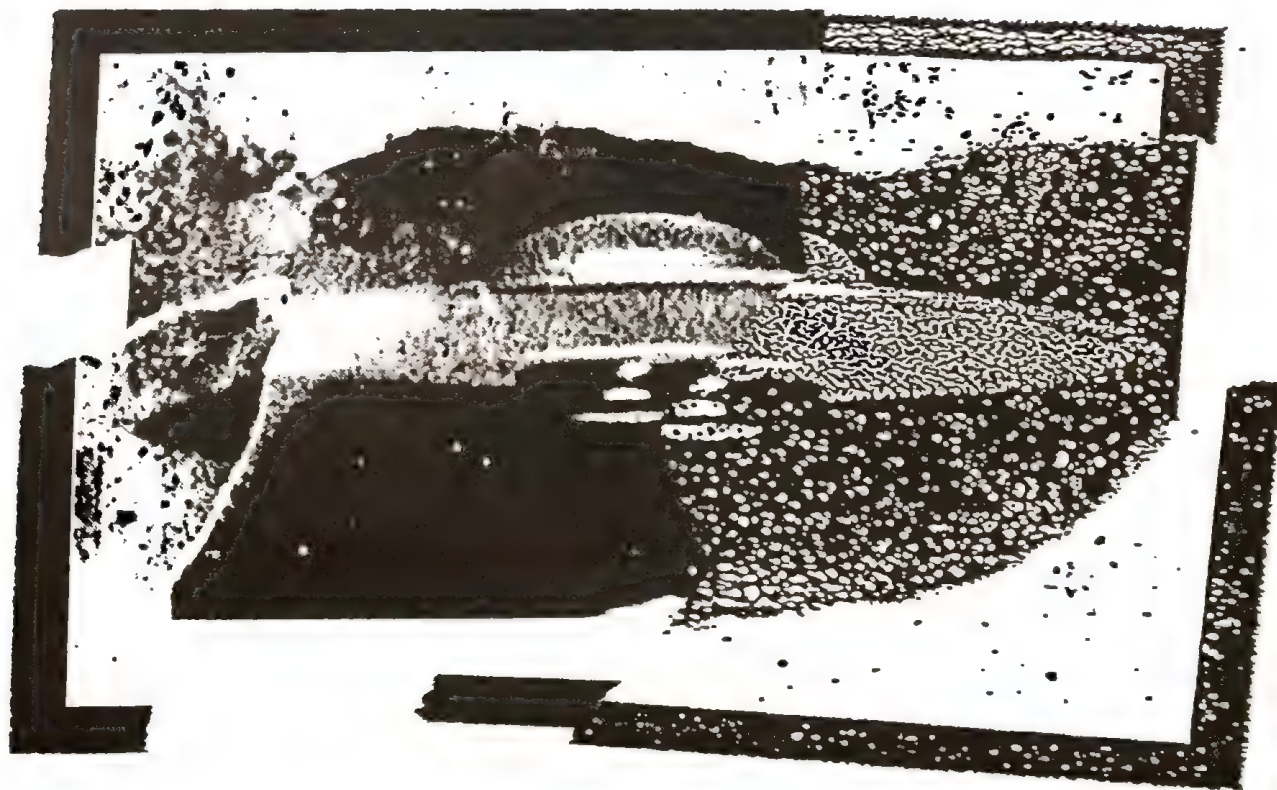
hotlines on the phone; many of them maintain 800 #'s. (But BEWARE the ones that have 900 #'s, which charge you \$8.95/min.) Doing this way means your privacy and sanity are likely to be respected. Feel free to use the more public areas to tell people about your experiences later, but I strongly suggest reporting the sighting first in a place where intelligent people are there to catalogue and handle it.

There are already signs that UFOlogy is getting ready for the multimedia millenium. UFO CD-ROMs are already available, as are some software programs specifically designed as sightings and report databases. Programs and applications specifically written for UFOlogy are often out there—generally, they are fairly buggy freeware written by UFOlogists to 'hack' together a solution to some particular problem—and some are worth checking out. But while there are many ways to get UFO information through your (non-networked) computer, these methods lack the interactivity provided by UFO boards and conferences. So it's a tradeoff. You can get answers to specific queries in UFO chat areas—but then there's everything else you need to deal with.

One other thing. From time to time, you may run into "hackers" who claim they've broken into top-secret military and Air Force archives, and gained possession of rare and secret information, like the MJ-12 documents, etc. In general, you should take these people—like any information source who approaches you—with a grain of salt. Much of what the military has computerized on UFOs, is highly classified, and is maintained in systems that are not on the MILNET network. Some systems are totally offline, and basically in concrete bunkers, safe from prying eyes or Van Eck devices. Even "insiders" in the military probably lack the access to many of these systems. The operative principle is, of course, *caveat lector*.

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1/6





# T

A good day was a day I was able to avoid Tim on my way to the office. I don't know where or when I had met him, maybe at some party of my fringe college friends. Certainly few folks lived as much in the margins or on the fringes as did Tim. If he had as little gravity as he had a grasp on reality, he would've floated away long ago. But Mother Earth holds on to us, even when we have long since let go of the real.

I parked my royal blue Ford Taurus behind Wing Lee's delicatessen. I could conceal it behind the giant sign illustrating the egg foo yung Wing was famous for. I looked over at my building. Sure enough Tim stood in front of the shiny glass doors, with his combat fatigues and slightly too intent eyes. Somedays it was a T-shirt with the heartwarming message *Just Because You're Paranoid, Doesn't mean They're Not Out To Get You!* but today it was fatigues. Tim thought the camo made him hard to detect. Yeah, right.

I waited 'til he looked the other way and scurried across the street. I made my way to the smelly alley, which was unoccupied except for John-the-Dumpster-man looking for cans to feed to a monkey. I went by the service entrance, and took the back elevator to my fourteenth floor office. There money and Emma Zel, a damn fine receptionist, would keep Tim Schultz at bay. No. Mr. Webb isn't here now. He's never here.

# i

seemed to have more than the average problem concentrating today. So I went to my window. I didn't have a window when I started with the firm. Someday it would be Crowe, Burroughs, Dee, Seward and Webb. Then I would have all the windows I wanted. I glanced down, there he was, still waiting for me. I wondered what he'd pieced together for me today.

Last week it was that peanut butter manufacturers were responsible for racial tensions by inducing sexual guilt in white male executives. Here's the theory. In our sexually repressed society, most boys have fear or guilt about their masturbatory practices. A common practice is the use of some lubricant on the hand of the boys to facilitate a good frig. Many (according to Tim) use peanut butter. (He told me his nickname in junior high was Skippy.) Now, since the guilt about the action is transferred to the substance, peanut butter has become a symbol for sexual shame. Since we are taught again and again that peanut butter is the Blacks' greatest contribution to American culture, we white businessmen have come to project adolescent sexual guilt on Blacks. If we taught masturbation in the schools, Tim reasoned, the day would come when Blacks and Whites could share peanut butter sandwiches without guilt.

Of course he had practically yelled all this to me, as I walked to the elevators. I'm sure one of the senior partners heard him. We were fairly used

# M

by Don Webb, 0004200716@mcimail.com

Ours! They're using that mantra to control us! It's why we never saw Carlton" It didn't hit me until my coffee break, A-L-P-O. The Carlton reference was a little harder to work out. Carlton the Door-man had been an unseen boozy presence on the television show *Rhoda* and the voice for Garfield the Cat, a spoketoon for American Express and Alpo's new catfood. And apparently one of the dog-faced boys from Sirius.

I peered out of my window from time to time. Tim wandered off about ten, so I figured I wouldn't run into him again today. I had a meeting with James C. Joyner of Leviathan Co. His firm wanted to arrange to sell BBC memorabilia in the states, and he wanted us to draw up the agreement. I called him and suggested we meet at Lee's. I went downstairs a few minutes to noon, and from behind the corner of the building came Tim.

"I'm glad I saw you man. I waited for you this morning, but they must have hit me with a hypno ray."

"Hi," I said, "I'm in a hurry."

"I've got it figured out man, why life is crappy man, I've got it figured out, this time for sure. Extraterrestrial bankers, man. They're taking all our bread and investing it on Ganymede."

"What's on Ganymede?" Sometimes I couldn't help myself and asked. If only I could learn to keep my trap shut.

"I went down to the bank man, to try and get a loan to buy that UFO detector I saw advertised, and they wouldn't give me a loan. Well I've got a craft man, I make Toyota tailpipes into tubular bells and sell them at the flea market."

"You're a Renaissance man, Tim. But what about Ganymede?"

"Well I was wondering why they wouldn't give me a loan, so I went into the bathroom to meditate. Then I caught a whiff of ammonia, which is what they have for atmosphere on Ganymede. Then this guy walked into the toilet stall next to mine, and he didn't come out man! I stayed in my stall for fifteen minutes and he didn't come out. So I opened the door to his stall and there wasn't anybody in there! They'd beamed him up."

By this time I was almost to Wing's so I wanted to ditch Tim. I asked him, "When did the beam-up occur?"

"About two o'clock man."

The best idea he ever had was that the aliens were using color TV to foment dissent. They were putting patterns in the pixels, subliminal messages that read differently if you happen to have red-green color-blindness, which is the most common form.

I looked over the contracts for the OIT and NSA merger.

I hated this stuff. I had majored in French in college, I even occasionally translated Baudelaire for fun. But this is the real world, and checking this damn boilerplate is my real job, that I went to real law school to earn real money with. Really. I

to street crazies, but there is contagion taboo in corporate America fully as strong as in any magical/tribal society.

A day before that he had insisted that the world was being manipulated by dog-faced boys from Sirius. I managed to get past him, but remembered his warning. "It's in the letters! All Living People



I looked at my Rolex. "It's almost two now Tim. You should go to your van and take cover. They might have triangulated on you."

"Right, good thinking man."

It was straight up Noon, but I knew Tim hadn't been working on our time coordinates for years.

+

That night I had a date with Wendy. Wendy owned a small hair salon that she had inherited from her mother and she wrote poetry of not the worst kind. We ate at Romano's, a vegetarian Italian restaurant. I knew that, in the long run, I needed a more solid woman for my advancement in the firm, but we all have our lush rolling days of youth. We had begun to talk about Tim over the spinach lasagna.

Tim's great function in my life is that he provided stories. I hated his actual presence, but the stories were great...

"The best idea he ever had was that the aliens were using color TV to foment dissent. They were putting patterns in the pixels, subliminal messages that read differently if you happen to have red-green color-blindness, which is the most common form. Normal vision got, 'The Democratic Party Loves You. There are no Space Aliens. Kill the Gypsies' but the significant color blind population got, 'The Democrats, Your Mother, and the Space Aliens Hate You. Vote to protect the Gypsies.' His theory was that a hitherto non-politicized minority would start odd politics and fringe beliefs fed by hatred. No one could figure out why this group of men—color-blindness is mainly a male thing—were suddenly drawn to this odd belief system. Pretty ingenious really."

Wendy paused in her pasta, "Have you ever considered that he was right?"

"That color TV breeds dissent? Of course it does."

"No, I mean that there might be mysterious forces that have shaped the world for their own terrible ends. Maybe even non-humans."

"No, I don't think there are any conspiracies, because there don't have to be. Today Tim talked about Extraterrestrial bankers 'cause he couldn't get a loan. He can't get a loan 'cause he doesn't fit the picture of who gets loans. Maybe he is making enough money to qualify, but he wants a loan to buy a UFO detector. It isn't the Space Aliens that are stopping him, it's people that know there's no money to be had in loaning money to fuckups."

"Why isn't there any money in space aliens? I'll tell you why. Grayness."

"You mean like the Grays?" Tim had explained the Grays to me, they were a class of short

UFO-nauts with evil intent, contrasted with tall blonde Jesus-guys.

"No, gray as in no color, like the ending of the *Wizard of Oz*. Think how many people like what they do—like their jobs?"

"Well, not many, but certain things have to be done."

"How many people are happy in their marriages? Three out of five end in divorce."

"Where are you going with this?"

"If we have free will how come we've produced a society that keeps people unhappy?"

"That's a philosophical question."

"Maybe, or maybe there's an invisible war against mankind."

"A war for what?"

"Ding dong! Ding Dong! The gray is dead!"

The wrecked condo was surrounded by Munchkins all in blue. They were singing, "Slack sets you free." Then a really tall Munchkin walked up wearing a Technicolor dream coat. It was Tim. He sang,

Bob is our Jesus

Jesus is our Hope

Jesus is Bob Hope

Blessed be

Bob's for me

What he did to the Goddess, He'll do to me.

Tim walked up to my window. "So you made it to Faerie." He said, "You can tell it's Faerie, in this

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"Happiness. Maybe there's just so much happiness in the cosmos, or so much truth, or so much beauty, and they want it."

"That sounds like a pretty long-term conspiracy."

"Not necessarily," Wendy argued, "maybe the need hasn't been great enough for them to make life super terrible until now. I was born in 1960. There had been three billion human beings living on Earth before I was born, there's five and half billion now. That's a lot more souls clamoring for happiness in just the last few decades."

Dessert time came, then I went to her house for a while, then I went home.

+

I dreamt a little dream.

A tornado sucked my condo into the air. It was great and rushing and wonderful. It was totally like great sex, like the sex I had in college, stoned out of my mind. Around and around and around. And then I thought that I didn't know if my homeowners' policy paid for tornado damage and the house crashed to the ground.

instance Oz, the land of *Liber Oz* and other books by Frank Baum because of its color."

"Are you going to tell me some cockamamie theory about this?" I asked.

"No theories here. Just the facts. Color, everywhere."

Blue for the Munchkins, yellow for the Winkies, green for the City of Oz. Not like Kansas with its great gray prairie on every side. Where the sun has baked the plowed land into a gray mass, with little cracks running through it. Where even the grass isn't green, for the sun had burned the tops of the long blades until they are the same gray color seen everywhere. Even your home, the sun blistered the paint and the rains washed it away, and now the house is as dull and gray as everything else. Aren't you supposed to have a little dog with you?"

"This is a dream, isn't it?" I asked.

"No, my friend, this is real life, that's why it is in Technicolor. And it belongs to my master, the Great and Terrible Oz."

"What am I supposed to do—quest for him?"



"Quests are for people with imagination and desire.

You have only greed and a desire to cover your ass. Why you don't even know I'm a scarecrow!"

With that Tim pulled off his arm. There was a mass of circuitry beneath.

Tim said, "You'll probably miss me most of all."

My receptionist walked up behind him, and then the senior partners, and then Wendy.

Tim leaned forward and kissed me, and I smelled the alley.

+

The next morning I *really* didn't want to see Tim. I parked in a garage behind my building. I wasn't even going to chance seeing him on the alley.

Unfortunately he was waiting inside the service entrance.

"Good morning man, I see you found the secret way in. Smart man, smart. If you vary your routines they can't find you. That's what Don Juan was trying to say. I've got to warn you about the Rolo-dexes, man. They're telepathic. They want to know who you know and how often you reach out to touch someone, man. So they're filled with microcircuitry. Each time you use one, it registers in the central office. The Real Central Office if you know what I mean."

"Well that's nice Tim, but I've really got to get work."

I tried to push past him, but he managed to get on the elevator with me. At least my receptionist will help, I thought.

He started on another theory on the way up, and he kept grabbing my vest while he talked. He *did* stink, maybe he slept in the alley. Maybe the craziness had got out of hand, and he could no longer function socially.

"Man have you ever noticed that all the cool Science Fiction shows have been canceled? *The Invaders* man, it only lasted from January '67 to September '68. Roy Thinnes, the actor who played architect David Vincent, said he saw a UFO during the filming. He was trying to tell us, man, trying to let us know. And what about *UFO*, it only showed in this country in the fall of 1972. It was set in the year 1980. Why? Because they knew. *The Invaders* was the most important, because it showed how they were manipulating our reality."

The elevator doors opened just as Tim was screaming "Reality." The hall was full, except for the receptionist's desk, and everybody turned and

looked. Everybody included Mr. Dee and Mr. Seward.

"Look Tim," I said, "You'll have to go." Then I realized my mistake. I had called him by name, they would all know I knew him. I tried to push him away into the elevator.

"OK man, I know you can't talk now, but I've got one more thing to tell you about. Underwear, man, underwear has been getting tighter since 1969, the first year *Room 222* was televised. Why? Because there's some sort of elastic shortage. I checked and there's a fucking elastic surplus man. They're doing it—the dog-faced boys—it shorts-circuits the libido. So we stop thinking about sex. We just think about money how to get more money. More money. Money fucking money!"

I managed to push him back into the elevator, and the doors shut. It rose carrying his cries of "Money" skyward. Everyone was in the hall. I tried to smile and I went on to my office.

About 10:00 they sent for me. All of the senior partners. Emma Zel, our receptionist, was in the conference room with them. I almost said, "Last night I had a dream and you were in it and you and you and you." Instead I kept my head down and got one of the worst talking-tos I had ever got. I had embarrassed the firm by bringing my friend into the building. Some of our most important clients had been there. Ms. Zel had told them that Mr. Schultz had been coming by everyday, sometimes *waiting in the waiting area* where people could see him. In short it was made clear that if Tim ever showed up again, my services would not be needed. No mention was made of my good work, the money I'd brought in, my window. With Tim, I was apt as not to go back to a dark windowless starting place. I told them it would never happen again. Emma wouldn't look at me.

As I walked back to my desk I decided to kill him. I would be doing society a favor afterall. It would make me feel safe. I wouldn't feel safe just talking to him, reasoning, pleading, threatening. He could always show up. If not here then at some other firm in the city.

How hard could it be to kill him? I could do it on Saturday, nobody's at the office on Saturdays. I could put the body in the trash chute. Everything that goes into the chute, goes to a compressor in the basement that squeezes it to nothing and wraps it up hygienically. I've even seen the janitors throw old furniture into it. Even if he's found, street people die.

I hate to have talking-to's. My cheeks burned all afternoon. About three I told Emma I was go-

ing home. I went out and found Tim. He was a couple of blocks down the street reading a poster on a utility pole. I'd never seen anyone read one before. I told him to meet me behind the office Saturday at three, and we could have a long talk.

+

I already had a gun. My dad had got for me. He worried about the gangs and drugs in the city. All night long he would sit awake in his suburban split level. He would listen, throw lights on his yard and practice drawing his guns. The neighbors hated him, but Mom was just scared. I tried not to visit, but Dad did make the trip to the city last year to give me some protection.

I loaded the gun and put extra bullets in my vest pocket. I was too nervous to eat lunch. I wondered how many executives had killed to protect their careers. Would it show in some way—some corporate mark of Cain, that senior executives would see? Would I somehow be part of the club? One of the men who really ran things? because I really believed in conspiracies too, back then. I just thought that none of them were hidden.

Tim was in a dirty unpressed three-piece suite. Its original color, I believe, had been a chocolate brown. He was carrying a plastic briefcase, and had a red carnation in his lapel. As I walked up to the service entrance, he spoke to me, "This is my disguise man, they'll never know I don't belong here."

We rode up to my floor.

"Cool man, I didn't know you had a window. I think they do a lot of mind control with windows," he said.

"Oh, how?"

"Windows vibrate man, they can aim an invisible laser at window and tell what the people inside are saying by watching the distortions it made in the beam. But likewise they can put a sonic beam on it to shake the window and whisper subliminal things."

"What do you think my window is whispering?" I asked.

He listened hard. "I think you're safe, man."

"You know, I've heard things in the Men's room sometimes."

"Bathrooms are the worst, they can spy on you through the toilet paper dispensers, put brain washing drugs in the soap, or even make you disappear."

"Could I get you to check out our Men's room?"

"Sure thing man."



I wanted to get him into the Men's room for two reasons. One, it was right next to the trash chute, and two, it had the only windows that could be opened. I figured I would shoot him so that the bullet, when it left the body, would pass through the window into the brick building opposite.

When we walked in, I said "I'll open this window so they won't be able to listen in with their lasers."

"Good idea, man."

He was looking around, sniffing at the soap dispensers, tapping the faucets. "Pretty spooky," he said.

"I think the building across the alley belongs to the aliens. Want to look?" I gestured at the open window.

For a moment he hesitated, as though sensing the trap, but then he smiled and walked over to it. He was humming. It took my a few seconds to recognize the tune—"Somewhere Over the Rainbow."

I pulled the gun from my vest, put it to the back of his head and shot. It was quite a hole. It revealed a mass of circuitry.

Someone opened the door to the Men's room. It got very bright and very cold. A green light shown into the room. I couldn't quite focus on the figure that came in, but it seemed as tall as a man—maybe taller. It was roughly humanoid dressed in a green robe with a fabric mask over its face. I could feel its emotion. It felt happy, but it wasn't a happiness that spilled over to me. Not a human happiness of seeing someone smile so you smile too.

It spoke in a buzzy tone, as though it were filled with bees, "You've done quite a bit of damage, he'll be hard to fix."

"What are you?"

"You figured that out sometime ago, or at least someone near you did. I can tell by your brain patterns. I am a soldier fighting for a precious commodity. I can't let you over-breeding humans take all the happiness out of the cosmos."

I pointed the gun at it.

"If you fire, there'll be bullet holes in the wall behind me."

I fired. There were bullet holes in the wall behind it.

"I'm not that physical, at least I don't want to be at the moment."

"Why things like Tim?"

"If we keep an image before you all the time of how brainless and silly conspiracy theories are, nobody will seriously pursue them."

I said, "So you're going to kill me?"

"Of course not. We've discredited conspiracy theory so thoroughly that we can tell a few people about us. It helps break their spirit. You are really fighting a losing battle, you know. Some folks may escape, but in the end the grayness will cover all. You can tell as many people as you like. A few nuts will believe you, and then their happiness will be gone. Yours is definitely ended."

"What about Tim?"

"I'll repair and restoration him."

It touched Tim's circuits and he and Tim walked to the door. It took me awhile to follow.

+

That was five years ago. I thought about telling people, but I would've wound up a street corner nut. So I do my job, and try to forget, try to pre-

tend it was a psychotic interlude brought on by too much stress. And you know, as soon as I lost Wendy as my girlfriend, and started hanging out with more respectable friends, it became easier to forget.

But sometimes I miss Tim telling me about little green men trying to take over the Trilateral Commission, or Martians running the tobacco industry. That little sense of wonder was nice, and I do miss it. He was right. I miss the scarecrow most of all.

Don Webb's work has been published over 200 times in six languages. He has had six books dedicated to him including a manual on sex magic, and is a Contributing Editor for FWR.

1/6\*

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# OUTER PUZZLES IN LOVE SPACE

by Scotto Moore, [scotto@mc.com](mailto:scotto@mc.com)

I had known the twins since they were twelve; their earlier history, unfortunately, is lost to all of us. Never were they "ordinary girls," of course; they swept their neighborhood collecting power and footsoldiers the way other kids collected marbles and bubblegum cards. I wish I could have grown up with them; I'm sure I would have enjoyed it.

At the age of twelve, the twins began dreaming together, sharing the same dreamspace, and this is where their family history first makes itself known. One of the twins, Melody, has always been excessively magnetic, thoroughly charming, dangerously naive; the other, Laurel, has always been more pragmatic, slightly ruthless, generously vindictive. The shared dreams presaged the drugs, of course, and the family's latent insanity chose opportune moments to surface.

As the end of the world approached, the twins' father mysteriously fell from a bridge and was killed; the loss devastated the family. Melody left home in an effort to clear her mind; the loss of both Melody and her husband proved too much for the twins' mother, who was committed to an asylum days later. Laurel was left alone in their spacious house in the hills, away from all the trouble, alone with her drugs, and that's where I found her.

I'd always had a crush on Laurel, no shame in admitting that now, although later, after Laurel's rejection of me, I was to fall much harder for Melody. It's unclear how we all became acquainted; the archives are unclear on this point. It's also unclear how the end of the world got started, what crucial element that had been holding civilization in place suddenly evaporated to bring about global rioting, mayhem, murder, and destruction; the archives are not only unclear, but in fact, are presently missing. (Not one iota will survive the end of the world, of course.)

Melody, as it happens, barely made it back to the house before the first wave of rioting began.

Whether or not they ever stopped dreaming together is also unclear. To be sure, I suppose I could have asked; I have always been afforded special privilege with them as they deftly surrounded themselves with surreality. We are all too familiar now with the, dare I say, clichés of post-modern thought, and I, a postmodern writer too entrenched to see beyond the coming cataclysm,

was forced to accept the twists and turns that the end of the world embodied. I sat by the fireplace and scribbled tenuous sentence fragments as the twins sat on the couch and dreamt together; waking, Laurel said, "I've got an idea. Let's do some drugs."

"It's been so long since we've done drugs together!" Melody exclaimed. "And this is a special occasion."

"Everyone's gotta deal with the end of the world in whatever fashion available," I muttered. Laurel passed the pipe around; soon she was bored, and a bottle of happy pills was produced.

"Let's binge," Melody suggested. "What the fuck else is there to do?"

Laurel agreed, and her stash of lysergic acid was passed out as well. I've never been known for my ability to handle large amounts of drugs; nonetheless, the end of the world can give you a really strange kind of strength.

The house was way up in the hills, of course, away from all the trouble. Melody and Laurel made love under the blankets, while I occupied myself writing a story about the end of the world and twins who dream together. When the twins were growing up, their soon-to-be-crazy mother liked to tell them that their house was a spaceship, and someday they'd all blast off into outer space. I think that's kind of sweet, in a sickening sort of way.

I began to retch;  
I needed more drugs,  
and more religion.

"We have something to show you, Scotto," Laurel said at last. I looked up, bemused.

"How would you like to join our religion?" Melody asked.

I could barely see, what with all the multi-colored swirls in the air, and a lingering queasiness in my stomach told me that I was afraid, or at least hungry.

We sat in a circle and passed around a talking stick, a drumstick really, talked listfully about the strange and wonderful lives we'd had. In that moment, we created a sacred space among us; and while the end of the world raged on outside, we were determined to find a way to love the ob-scene, as it happened.

"Tell me about your religion," I said, a warm glow sucking the insides of my skin into a hallucinatory melting pot.

"Throw pretense to the wind," Laurel ordered Melody. "Spill the proverbial beans."

"We're going to call the aliens," Melody told me. "Is that okay?"

I nodded serenely.

"Think about it, Scotto," Laurel said. "The rest of the world is in chaos. This is, quite likely, the only ordered space left on the planet. We are now... a beacon, a transmitter, a sacred pulse on an otherwise desolate rock."

"Sacred power, Scotto," Melody said brightly, a phenomenal multi-colored smile on her face. "Sacred power..."

"Are you kids still dreaming?" I asked. It was a rhetorical question, of course. I'm sure I didn't want to know.

The rest of the night began to pass like right angles, and at some point it became clear that the night wasn't going to end. There was something I was missing about this ritual, this strange magic

that was happening here in this place, this place two steps to the left of where we'd been... And the drugs distorted everything: visually, of course, but also psychologically as you'd expect, and the end of the world was working its own kind of distortion on us, and the sacred space itself was a distortion, and the twins were determined to dream us even further...



And. What was left for me to hang on to? was, once I had been lonely and had lost everyone, and so, not wanting to suffer the end of the world alone, I came here, and Laurel welcomed me in like a long lost brother, and Melody was as happy to see me, genuinely so, as if I had indeed been a part of their family, and such close bonds—you might call it friendship, but never ever treat the word without unbelievable reverence—can weather any storm of fire, or earth, or wind, or water, any kind of stress, any kind of attack, any kind of

*obscurity*

fuck trust, of course. if your closest friend embraces the obscene, so do you.

Laurel didn't see it at first, the creeping, lingering obscenity that suddenly slowly oozed into our sacred space, and I of course closed my eyes and hoped it would go away, but Melody recognized it right away for what it was, and

she began to dance, profane, erotic, repulsive moves and sounds, first calling out to me, carressing the side of my head with words, moving to touch me—

and Laurel interrupts, obscenely so

"Mother used to tell us," Laurel said, her voice shimmering through the multi-colored swirls, "that this entire house was just a spaceship, and that someday we'd all blast off into outer space." I began to retch; I needed more drugs, and more religion.

"Obscene!" Melody cried, and the hook had grabbed her. She and Laurel, I gestalted suddenly, were High Priestesses of an order so intently obscene, so sublimely horrible, striving toward a new language, setting up transmitters, aiming for Contact

"What should I do?" I asked feebly.

"The top of the coffee table comes off," Laurel replied, her eyes never leaving Melody's. I slid the top of the coffee table off, revealing a futuristic, science-fiction control panel. wondering, now, whose hallucination this was, and did it matter; also, such carefully coordinated obscenity, as opposed to the sheer, violent chaos of the outside world, needed planning, delicate planning—so, why did they need me?

"Because, my postmodern disciple," Melody intoned, "we may be the priestesses, but you... you're the author among us, after all..."

a ha, i thought... was i transcribing their dream, or inventing it? the drugs made it too difficult to tell...

"The aliens are happening aesthetically,"

Laurel said. I nodded, initiated the launch sequence on the control panel. We would find the aliens hidden within the lines, each semicolon a towering transmitter, each comma and period a dangerous receiver. Obscene—there's a reason we called them "aliens," as in, so impossible for us to comprehend, rationalize, fully appreciate, and what we did see could only horrify us to tears, but

the launch sequence was under way. the house was blasting off into outer space.

The house's fuel lines were faulty; as we lifted off the planet, a hose burst, spraying a probably toxic and strangely hallucinogenic gas into the air. I realized, now, the trick the aliens had played on all of us, and resolved to understand. Suddenly I needed to put down my pen. (PREPARE TO RECEIVE TRANSMISSIONS! WE REPEAT, PREPARE TO RECEIVE TRANSMISSIONS! PREPARE TO RECEIVE TRANSMISSIONS! WE REPEAT, PREPARE TO RECEIVE TRANSMISSIONS!)

It's a warm and sensuous groove, intoxicating at first in all the ways you'd expect it not to want to be, and when the lyrics get around to their insinuations, the backbeat's already taken me. A warm and billowing rush describes the onset, though quickly we can talk about how we used need when and soon and so on. Towering plumes of sensation, like a rocket, taking me forward, upward, through, and these are the first bars, where the saxophone reels because of all the exhaust. (MELODY: I need to get out of my skin!) If the words were ever clear, they would have been in the process of being what will have been clearness, in that we won't have asked for such clarity until such time as processes like these words were necessary, and even then, the instigation of such would have reminded me a lot of this, which is to say, quickly I will discover who my audience is. (LAUREL: Keep writing!) Powerful columns and blistering riffs exacerbate themselves exponentially, inasmuch as you are willing to entertain such language, for suddenly, I am in the process of etceterating a past into existence, such that I could live there if I was asked to, and furthermore, such that interested parties who already sublease regardless could stake their claim on further development in this area. (MELODY and LAUREL, in unison: We are not alone here!) (SCOTTO: This is some good shit!)

Billowing claws want to insinuate themselves into my rib cage, force it open and coagulate, willowing and slithering such that I might feel the

need to gnaw, and I am told that *here is where the action happens*, excepting the footnotes, which, by the by, are everything else and take up more of the page anyway, but; oozing eyeballs and simmering ampersands remind me of things I always hated to know about, such as, why the flavor tastes so salty when I was thinking more along the lines of oozing etceterations into a frothy stew of blues and greens and sores the likes of which I'll see again and again, dressing themselves up to make it interesting, in that such dressings always know the way to interest that which wants it salty to begin with. (LAUREL: We're a couple of steps to the left anyway!) (SCOTTO: I can hear you!) Desperately, I threw a tendril to my pursuers, thinking to distract them.

Shrieks of sensuous pleasing-ness rumble across my entire forefront, and I envision for a moment a vision of envisioning, whilst whole entire arks float past (MELODY: Don't lose me, take my hand) with teeming subcultures waving their claws, and enterprising schemes the likes of which I'd often wondered hadn't shown their faces til the whole damn thing turned blue, (eventually, we realized, something sacrificed itself along the way for rhythm,) and the motion carried the only answers that you were ever thinking of asking about, to the tune of if and also and, and erstwhile, pains of claws that scavenge 'cross your back sing plistering swimsongs to the tune of rising sickness, whilst if and and contain themselves anon with pleasant bickering for their own sake. (SCOTTO: This is what seamless communication feels like!) (LAUREL: They did this to us!) I can swallow multitudes of gleaming yellows, churning down the horripic wave that slanders blood from deep within, still playing pleasant how do you do's on gentle wooden instruments that plister and pillow in ways I can't describe.

(MELODY: There are voices in my head, I need to get out of my skin) (LAUREL: Somehow the ritual went upside down...Melody, I'm a voice inside your head!) Shadowed nastic corridors rush past at sweltering speeds, and always in the nevermind I wondered where the rhythm spoke. horrid rushing vertigo that gripped and clawed and stewed, whilst every act of artifice whirled only to impose some structure on the intoxicatingness, which, once insinuated, never couldn't then be extrapolated. I rush past haunting corridors of steam and shouted whispers, always knowing that you're there, always twitching under the incessant presence that I know is you in ways I shouldn't know I know, and there you are, waving your



hand at every single taunting tendril that I've cleverly thought to bait you with, excepting that, you don't seem to mind my coyish games, which truth be told I only tried because I'm terrified and now's the time I wish that waving hands would kiss me on the lips

(SCOTTO: We can communicate without speaking...transmit pure thought...within parentheses!) found such shimmer wasted as I grasped and clawed and spun my way through corridor after corridor, not stopping once to open doors the likes of which I'd not stopped once to liken, and what if waving hands were spun within which ways of jasterly I stopped and likened once again. (LAUREL: When planning the ritual, we seem to have forgotten someone) (YOU, reading to yourself: Hmm, I *do* seem to be reading to myself...) The hand, once waved, would not unwave, but dare I not say that's what's said, as hands waved once are not such simmering pleasantries hoped for once and for all. No one ever wants to give the groove that extra special twist, the one that says I read you oh so clearly, puts you in the driver's seat and lets you steer toward this which rest stop means the meaning, but, there it is, since aloneness has All Been Done Before) TO RECEIVE TRANSMISSIONS! WE REPEAT, PREPARE TO RECEIVE TRANSMISSIONS:

(Welcome, friends. This text will only transmit for a few words more, and then, the characters will sever their connection with you, the sacred space that connects you to them will dissipate, and this fragile transmitting station will be no more. We regret that we cannot experience you more fully, but in our Home two steps to the left, such notions as flesh and love are truly impossible. Only here, in this aesthetic middle ground, can we meet

Editor's Note: the author's pen ran out of ink moments later. He is making no attempt to find another one.

Scotto Moore, also a FWR Contributing Editor, recently transmigrated upon the city of Chill, USA, where he's been implicated with a thespian terrorist organization.

1/e²

# STAY AWAKE

by Jerod Pore, [jerod23@well.com](mailto:jerod23@well.com)

I don't know how long I can stay awake. You've got to stay awake. If you sleep, they'll come for you. They only come for those who are asleep, or those in a quasi-sleep state, like people driving cars for hours and hours late at night. If you must sleep, and I know that sleep is a powerful addiction that's hard to kick, then sleep during the day. In the winter, that means getting up before 4:00pm, but you don't dare be groggy come dusk or dawn. You're also the safest in windowless rooms. When they come for you, you're finished as a human being. If you come back, just jump off a bridge or blow your brains out or something, it'll be best for all involved. When they get somebody, they're usually gone for good. Look at all those missing people whose faces show up in your mailbox or grocery bag or milk carton. Where have they all gone? I'll tell you. It's sick that their faces are on milk cartons because they were food for them. I don't know how they eat, I don't want to know, but they need to eat and this planet is just a big duck hunting preserve.

But they don't have total control over everything. Hell, they don't have that much control at all. But they can be anywhere they want. They can be just outside your bedroom room right now and you or anyone else can't see them. It's not like they're invisible or anything, it's just that they're so, so, alien that our puny brains can't process what they really look like. That's why when they start interacting with humans, the humans seem them as little grey men, or whatever they look like in Brazil. Think about the weirdest animal you've seen. Now make it a billion times weirder. You can't do it, can you?

I don't know why they only come after people who are asleep, or close to being asleep. Just like I don't know why they come after certain types of people, or why they "visit" the same people over and over and over. I guess they're milking them like cows, and have you ever tried to milk a cow that didn't want to be milked? People who are asleep can't fight them. There's got to be a way to fight them, I guess. Or maybe we taste better when we're sleepy. I just don't know. All I know is that when you stay awake, you're safer.

Back in '47, one of their ships crashed in Corona. The government and AT&T salvaged all they could. Bell Labs started making stuff, computer stuff, TV stuff. AT&T did something wrong, and the government spanked them. Now they've kissed and made up, and all sorts of neat new technology is on its way to your house. And guess who knows how to use that technology better than anyone else?

That's right, they do. Every computer, every new phone, every TV set and microwave oven has something that tells them when everybody's asleep. That's another reason to sleep in the daytime, all that stuff is too busy and noisy to tell them that you're sleeping. Oh, sure, you can get rid of all that crap, but can you get rid of all of your neighbors' crap?

Don't even think about living in the woods, you won't stand a chance.

See, the government made a deal with them. No conquest, no end of the bureaucracy, no end to the status quo. We provide them with food and they don't make it worse than it already is. The government makes it easier for them to harvest us, and the government gets better toys.

The War On Drugs is one of things the government does to make it easy. Speed and coke keep you awake, psychedelics let you comprehend them, pot helps you deal with it all, and opiates somehow do something to them. Look at Bill Burroughs. He admits to being in collusion with the aliens, but he's still retained his humanity. Drugs won't save us, though, they just keep things from getting worse. Of course, the legal drugs just make it easier for them to harvest us.

What will save us is armed resistance. We must be armed not only with conventional weapons, but also with psychic weapons. Maybe it's just their alienness, or maybe it's something else, but they mess with our minds. L. Ron Hubbard knew that. Aleister Crowley, working with the aliens, tried to recruit Hubbard. Hubbard would have nothing to do with them, and sought to fight them. Scientology was the beginning, the cadre of people willing to fight them. The government has been fighting the Scientologists since day one. Then, when other groups start arms training to fight them, like the Branch Davidians and the People's Temple...well you know what happens.

I don't think we'll ever be able to throw off the yoke of alien domination. We can just survive as individuals. Stay awake, survive, and stay awake.

1/e²



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## **SST RECORDS DROPS COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT SUIT AGAINST NEGATIVLAND IN OUT OF COURT SETTLEMENT**

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## **NEGATIVLAND PLANS FOR SUMMER RELEASE OF GREATLY EXPANDED VERSION OF THE MAGAZINE SST SUED TO STOP**

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## **DOCUMENTARY FILM MAKER PRODUCING FEATURE ON COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT AND NEGATIVLAND/U2/ ISLAND RECORDS/SST RECORDS SAGA**

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## **U2 SPEAKS OUT OF ONE SIDE OF A MOUTH WHILE ISLAND RECORDS SPEAKS OUT OF THE OTHER**

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## **NO LET-UP IN UFO ABDUCTIONS AS PLANET GOES ABOUT ITS BUSINESS**

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NEGATIVLAND/SEELAND RECORDS 208-868-4940 FAX 510-428-0469

*FWR* in conjunction with Dissemination Network, announces an open call for submissions by mail artists and networkers. Each issue will feature the best mail art piece we receive. Our subject matter addresses fringe culture/thinking/lifestyles mixed with a touch of information theory and guerrilla media deconstruction. Keep in mind that we print in B&W, 8.5x11 inch, so anything you send is gonna wind up that way if we publish it. Please pass along this call to other interested parties, and thanks for your attention. Send entries to: FWR/POBox49921/AustinTX78765USA





During a recent trip to San Francisco, I had a most enlightening breakfast at Spaghetti Western in the Haight district. I enjoyed not only my Spuds-o-rama, but the company of Joseph Matheny, director of MediaKaos, Dr. Timothy X.T. Finnegan of CSICON (Committee for Surrealist Investigation of Claims of the Normal), and Walter Radtke of the OIT (Occult Institute of Technology). We discussed our current projects, such as MediaKaos' new quarterly zine called *Stare*, which should be available in July (for ordering info query mediak@well.com), Dr. Finnegan's book *The Last Book* an ongoing experiment in interactive media based on a quote of De Selby's "When the text is destabilized, the destabilized get sex," and Walter's project of bringing Velikovskiy's ideas and other unpopular memes to the Net (for information, contact walter@netcom.com). We talked about reality, and the moral imperative of the magician to change it. Suddenly it hit me that if I made this into an interview, the trip would be tax-deductible.

Although I think the interview stands by itself, there are certain references which might deepen the reader's Understanding. Yes, Big U-understanding—not only intellectual understanding but an Understanding that has "hands-on" practice, and the resultant self transformation that comes from the practice. The references are Harold Garfinkle *Studies in Ethnomethodology* Prentice Hall 1966, H. Allen Smith *The Complete Practical Joker* Doubleday 1953, R. I. Gregory *Odd Perceptions* 1984 Methuen, and Immanuel Velikovskiy *Oedipus and Akhnaton* 1960 Pocket Books (A Gull + Western Company).

MediaKaos has a wide array of culturally destabilizing commodities available, including cassettes, books, posters, videos. They're primary publishers of Genesis P'Orridge, and are on the way with such treats as David Jay Brown's multi-viewpoint novel *Virus*. They're accessible by email to mediak@well.com or snail mail to:

MediaKaos/Athanos Arts  
409 Laguna Suite #4D  
San Francisco, CA 94102 USA

Joseph Matheny, their redoubtable helmsman, is young, vital and intelligent—unless of course you believe the rumor that he is a fictional being created by Nick Herbert and the Wilson twins. He seemed real enough to me, but then I write for FWR. I asked him nine questions in honor of the Unknown Nine who rule the world (see Mundy Talbot *The Unknown Nine*).

**fwr:** Why is it artistically, spiritually and politically important to create hoaxes?

**jm:** Oh no. If I think about this question too long, I'll be ruined! Ok, I'll try to answer that without thinking about it too much <chuckle>. Hoaxing and pranking when done well can be the equivalent of a good breaching experiment. Breaching experiments were something proposed by a sociologist named Harold Garfinkle, and probably best explained in his book *Studies in Ethnomethodology*. Garfinkle was interested in the flexibility of belief systems, what happens when a person is suddenly placed outside their consensus reality. Some of the experiments he chronicled in *Studies* read like elaborate hoaxes, yet this was all done within the boundaries of "serious" academics. I don't want to give too much away here. I'll just recommend the book. Read it, it's a gas! Hoaxing is a way to create "gaps" in the flow of reality. When someone is faced with the option of deciding what is "real" and what is "hoax" they are thrown into a state of ambiguity concerning the nature of their reality. It is much like the state that an initiate is thrown into during a rite of passage. The Fool of the Tarot deck, unknowing, blindly stepping off the cliff into the unknown. That moment of uncertainty when if even for a second, the world is no longer black and white. That is the gap, the hole in the script, so to speak.

## Neoism uses the language of art against itself.

There are many control systems in the world, and most of them we take for granted. The old "it's always been that way" syndrome. One of the reasons monolithic, static social structures endure is the lack of questions about their nature being posed by the participants (you and me). I think hoaxers serve a R/Evolutionary purpose. They are knowingly or unknowingly the agents of chaos, the nonlinear element in the equation, the jamming signal perched midway between signal transmitter and signal receiver. History shows a long tradition of malcontents, unhappy with the way things were, who took it upon themselves to jam the

coercive signal of consensus reality, whether it be church, state, science, or peer pressure.

Everything that MediaKaos does is a "hoax" in the sense that it is designed to dance. What I mean by that is, the relationship between transmitter and receiver is called into question, and the receiver finds themselves in the peculiar position of having to decode the information flow, rather than sitting back and passively receiving and accepting it. Sometimes that dance takes a subtle, elegant form, and other times it's downright slapstick. It depends on the situation, the setting, etc. This process also demonstrates how information normally flows and how easy it is to manipulate it and make it fit an agenda. In the case of MediaKaos it is a benign, humorous one. In the case of someone like General Electric/RCA/NBC it would seem that it is not. But the bottom line to all this is, it's pretty goddamn funny! That's the real answer. All that other BS I was just spouting was filler material, so you can reach your word quota.

**fwr:** How does this fit in with the concept of neoism?

**jm:** Neoism as in Stewart Home and crew? Hmm. The Neoist manifestoes and The Art Strike Papers are pretty funny. The whole idea of playing a hoax on the capital A art crowd is very appealing to me. If anyone is wrapped up in a reality sandwich, it's the art and academic crowd. Neoism is the bastard

child of Situationism and Fluxus, with equal parts of Dada, Futurism, Lettrisme, and guerrilla media thrown in for flavor (to thoroughly mix metaphors). The part of Neoism that I like the most, besides the press releases, is the concept of the apartment festivals. This hits the spectacle where it lives, in the home. We did something like this in the building where I live now. Several of us got together, threw our doors open, and had a party in the hallway. We invited anyone who passed by to join us in our "liberation of a common space". It all turned out very nicely, with barriers being broken down between folks who had formerly only nodded to each other as they passed in the hall.







# War in Heaven

is Hell

by Ron Hale-Evans, [evans@binah.cc.brandeis.edu](mailto:evans@binah.cc.brandeis.edu)

"The self-replicating **ideas** are conspiring to enslave our minds." —Donald Going, in Douglas Hofstadter's *Metamagical Themas*

Suppose you're reading a book that claims you're under constant attack by invisible psychic vampires. You feel drowsy and listless and sense, with some alarm, a maleficent presence nearby. You thus conclude that the book's thesis is correct—until you look and see that the book itself is sucking your brain through a straw!

Such a book is *War in Heaven*, a "channeled" work by author Kyle Griffith, and I suggest you approach it with due caution, if very little respect. Griffith claims that Earth's history has been molded by two opposing conspiracies on the Astral Plane—the Theocrats vs. the Invisible College. The Theocrats are a band of aetherial ex-human thugs who brainwash humans into believing that they are gods, and who literally eat the deluded souls after death in a grisly anti-Eucharist. And they also drain energy from living humans.

The members of the Invisible College are an élite cadre of extraterrestrial spirits and psychically-trained human souls who combat the Theocrats magickally (and admit to a little brainwashing themselves).

Griffith calls his purported knowledge the "Great Secret" of occultism, and his awakening to this Great Secret "the breakthrough." Showing his words into the Buddha's mouth and down our throats, he claims that the Buddha's "enlightenment" is nothing but Griffith's own "breakthrough." What's more, the appearance of the serpent in Genesis is a clue to the existence of the Good Guys. (There are clues in the New Testament too, but you have to read between the lines; most of it was dictated by the Bad Guys.)

And so on. Griffith is obviously an experienced skull farmer, and though he claims he is "neither smart enough nor crazy enough to have hallucinated it all," and that he "really [doesn't] care if readers say they accept or reject the theories in this book," *War in Heaven* is a masterful piece of memetic engineering. Griffith also claims he doesn't want to make money, but there are indications near the end of the book that he's been hitting up rock stars for cash.

Like the paradoxical quotation that heads this article, Griffith's meme is trying to infect you, and when accused, will exclaim, "Little ol' me? Naw, it's THEM FELLERS OVER THERE!" Most "liberatory" meme complexes that preach an "awakening" (like Gurdjieff's Fourth Way and Zen Buddhism) do this to some extent, but *War in Heaven* is a particularly paranoid and unpleasant one, and I hesitate to call such a claustrophobic meme "liberatory." Rather, it's a new sort of predatory memetic life-form which camouflages itself as a meme that will free you, then eats your brain raw while you're looking the other way. Part of the problem with Griffith's scheme is that it's so appealing; he openly admits that he cribbed his cosmology from the Shaver Mystery, a 79-cent quasi-religion from Ray Palmer's 1950s SF pulps that featured evil dwarfs in subterranean caves beaming soul-shrivelling mind-rays at unsuspecting humans. The Shaver Mystery ate a lot of brains in its day, and its latest incarnation may do so as well.

As Karl Popper said of Marxism and Freudianism, *War in Heaven* "explains everything." UFOs, near-death experiences, and the rise of the Age of Reason are all traced to the activities of either the Invisible College or the Theocrats. A friend of mine calls this sort of oversimplistic

(Spiritual Revolutionaries) and a snappy logo, a five-pointed star with a '<' or Roman 'C' within. It's got White Hats who fight Black Hats who enslave humans, thus fulfilling the villain-vs.-victim motif that has made world-class contenders of Nazism and lesbian separatism. It's got threats of punishment and promises of reward: if we don't believe Griffith, the Bad Guys will eat us, but if we pull together, we can save civilization. It's got in-groups and out-groups: believers are "enlightened" and possess the "Great Secret of occultism"; non-believers are "Jesus junkies" and "cattle". Griffith even capitalizes on the millennial frenzy of the 90s with some choice words about the "End Times."

Above all, *War in Heaven* is compelling science fiction—so long as you remember it isn't real. If we use Robert Anton Wilson's simple IQ test—that when your world is getting bigger and funnier, your intelligence is increasing, and when it's getting smaller and nastier, you're moving in the wrong direction—then Griffith's true believers, the soi-disant "Spiritual Revolutionaries," are dumb, dumb, dumb.

And also funny. I hope your world stays big enough for you to see just how funny, because that's the real "breakthrough" about the War in Heaven.

What keeps me from falling into the cthulhoid abysses of madness from day to day is this alone: that I realize life is an illusion, a dream, that life is the Big Sleep, that my inmost being is coterminous with God, the Dreamer...

scheme a "One-Thing Theory," and, because it provides a certain comforting certainty in a bewildering world, it's a darn good memetic ploy. (Of course, most readers of this magazine will see a few holes in Griffith's thesis; his book raises innumerable metaphysical questions, but never answers them.)

The simplicity of Griffith's meme is its genius, and such simplicity is itself an important factor in memetic spread. His movement has a snappy name

*War in Heaven* is available on Delphi in the New Age Forum. You can reach Griffith himself at [spiritrebel@delphi.com](mailto:spiritrebel@delphi.com)

Ron Hale-Evans is a well-defended paranoid working on a book-length treatment of synchronicity, tentatively titled *The Voice of the Tao*.

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# Outreach to the Unconnected

by Cliff Figallo, fig@poth.net

June 10, 1994—You've no doubt heard the sermon on the Information Rich and the Information Poor. It goes like this: the inequitable distribution of learning and access to information technology will result in some of us having more facts, figures and knowledge flowing into our brains than others, and the gap that already exists in education and wealth will widen. In fact it's worse than that, and we should recognize that it's in our interest to try to do something about it.

The US Department of Education released the results of its "Adult Literacy in America" report last Fall. It contains some stunning statistics that augur for today's mere gap becoming tomorrow's chasm. We should all ponder how this ballyhooed Information Superhighway whose promise we find so exciting will be of much use to the 90 million (of 191 million total) adult Americans who "were apt to experience considerable difficulty in performing tasks that required them to integrate or synthesize information from complex or lengthy texts." American schools currently graduate 700,000 students annually who cannot read their diplomas. And it is estimated that half of all American adults are unable to figure out from a bus schedule how long they would have to wait for the next bus on a given route. Comparing similar studies done in 1985 and 1992, the survey concludes that literacy among the 21-25 year age group has declined.

Who makes up the functionally illiterate? Many are recent immigrants learning English as a second language. Many are early dropouts from the formal educational system. Another significant segment are those with medical or mental health problems.

I originally started writing this piece to emphasize the need to focus on more appropriate applications of electronic information networking for those segments of the population most likely to be overlooked as we, the network literate, continue to develop and amuse ourselves with the latest in cutting edge, graphic, high-bandwidth net toys. I was looking at economic factors—the unaffordability of computers and modems and subscriptions to online systems. I thought the main barriers might be surmounted through public terminals, training programs, outreach into low-income communities.

Now I see that, if this technology is to earn its reputation as a revolutionary tool for all of society, its developers must rethink its design and its approach to reach people for whom megabytes of words and documents are barriers, not solutions. It is going to require the involvement of more teachers in basic English literacy skills as well as greater inclusion of resources in other languages. The technologies that incorporate graphics and sound must be made much more affordable and accessible. And we, the riders of the fringes and the cutting edges, will need to keep one hand extended behind us to help our less fortunate neighbors get up over the hard parts of the technological climb.

I have a selfish interest in all this. It's not out of the purest altruism that I have these feelings, for I believe that by failing to make extraordinary effort to deliver access to the global electronic network to those least likely to get it otherwise, we, the connectivity-blessed, are cheating ourselves out of what individuals from that segment of society could bring to our table. I want the culture of my online world to reflect the culture of the real world. I want the global net to be a problem-solving forum for the world's ills and a sharing place for the world's human riches. I feel uneasy in a homogenous network society where the big problems we confront daily seem so petty compared to the life and death situations faced by the majority the world's people. It's too easy, these days, to bury our heads in the Net.

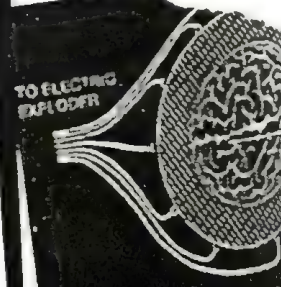
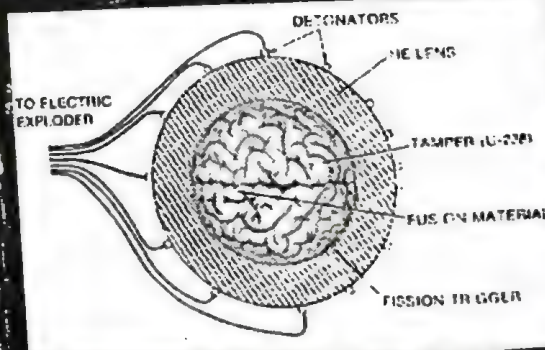
As much as I try to stay involved with "larger issues"—through projects I do, through mail lists and conferencing—it all seems to fold back on itself, back to concerns of Electronic This, Electronic That. It's as if we are trying to get our house in order, to figure it all out so that, someday, the Net itself will be "mature", ready to use for some higher purpose. In fact, there is nothing preventing us from using the Net as it is now for such purposes. We who are enamored of information technology and skilled in its use can do more to share it with our neighbors who have yet to see its wonders. We can think in terms of spreading access, providing the electronic equivalents of handicap access to information technology. It's a mind-shift I believe we should go through for our own sakes and for those of this troubled world. If not now, when? If not us, who?

Editor's note: Here's the call, who'll answer? FWI is supportive of community networks that are actively seeking to expand access outside the infotech elites. If you are involved in such a project or know someone who is, please send info to: [fringeware@io.com](mailto:fringeware@io.com) or to our snailmail address:

FWI, PO Box 49921, Austin TX 78765 USA

We'll do what we can to get the word out about your project(s).

Cliff Figallo is a former **communard**, director of **The WELL**, and grassroots pacifier for the EFF. Currently he's Gopher librarian for America Online.



media, especially computer-mediated communications, we seem to be forming the links which this

Highway" of the near future explosion in the numbers of

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**Figure  
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shipping  
rate**

- 11 Add lines in column 5(7) from the front side of this form. This is the total **weight** of your order. 11
- 12 Find the row in the first column which is less than or equal to the total **weight** of your order from line 11, then read across that row to find your shipping destination column and use the US\$ figure listed to find your **adjusted shipping rate** in line 13. *Example:* Mr. and Mrs. Green are placing an order from Hong Kong, with a total weight of 0.908 kg. So \$15.81 would be their shipping rate.

(1) If line 11 is— No more than this many kg in weight	(2) And your shipping destination is in—				
	USA	NAFTA	Western Hemisphere	Europe	Earth
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0.028	\$0.29	\$0.40	\$0.70	\$0.85	\$0.95
0.057	\$0.52	\$0.63	\$1.07	\$1.35	\$1.61
0.085	\$0.75	\$0.85	\$1.44	\$1.85	\$2.27
0.114	\$0.98	\$1.07	\$1.81	\$2.35	\$2.93
0.170	\$1.21	\$1.51	\$2.18	\$3.01	\$3.85
0.227	\$1.33	\$1.95	\$2.55	\$3.67	\$4.77
0.284	\$1.44	\$2.39	\$2.92	\$4.33	\$5.69
0.341	\$1.56	\$2.83	\$3.29	\$4.99	\$6.61
0.398	\$1.67	\$3.55	\$3.66	\$5.65	\$7.53
0.455	\$2.35	\$3.55	\$4.03	\$6.31	\$8.45
0.909	\$2.90	\$5.25	\$6.99	\$11.59	\$15.81
1.364	\$4.10	\$6.95	\$9.79	\$16.59	\$23.01
1.818	\$4.65	\$8.65	\$12.59	\$21.59	\$30.21

Shipping rates apply only in the areas listed; call before placing interplanetary orders. Rates supersede any previously FWI shipping rate list. Merchandise will be shipping according to *First Class/Third Class/Priority* rates in US (depending on weight) and via *Small Packet Airmail* elsewhere. For orders which weight more than rates listed in this table, contact FWI via email by sending the message **GET RATES** to: [fringeware-request@io.com](mailto:fringeware-request@io.com)

- 13 If the subtotal in line 7 is greater than \$250, enter -0- and pay no shipping. Otherwise, enter the shipping rate from the table listed above in line 12(3). This is your **adjusted shipping rate**. 13
- 14 If you would like to have a receipt taken upon delivery, for tracking your order to its destination, enter -1-. Otherwise, enter -0-. 14

- 15 Add lines 13 and 14. This is your **shipping**. 15

**How do  
I get  
products  
listed in  
this  
catalog?**

People often ask about how to get products listed in this catalog section. The answer is simple: develop a history of doing good business with FWI. Each product listed in our magazine's catalog section has to have developed a history of proven sales through our mail-order business, combined with human interest in support of our editorial directions. There are three good ways of developing a history with our business: you can *distribute FWI publications*, *develop and manufacture interesting products* for FWI to resell, or *buy advertising* within FWI publications.

To distribute FWI publications, please consult our web-page on the subject at:  
<file:///io.com/pub/fwi/HTML/distrib.html>

To become a product vendor, please consult our web-page on the subject at:  
<file:///io.com/pub/fwi/HTML/vendor.html>

To advertise in FWI publications, please contact **Monte McCarter**, +1 817 898 1659 and consult our web-page on the subject at:  
<file:///io.com/pub/fwi/HTML/advert.html>

We generally don't get enough leads on items like: garage VR gizmos, robotics kits, weird software, fringe multimedia, new kinds of brain machines, cult videos, etc. We generally get more requests than we could ever even consider for: tapes/CDs, poetry & fiction books, jewelry, video games, "service" contracts, tee-shirts, etc. so if you're pitching any of these, they'd better be interesting. What we do like is the fact that we've helped several other businesses break into much wider publicity and distribution by selling their products in our catalog. Be creative, and don't ever expect much. If you're hoping to get rich quickly, avoid the Fringe, and perhaps go into banking.

**Your  
comments  
are  
appreciated**

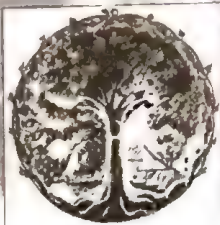


### The Usual Suspects

...by Xines, Inc.

BOOK-0020, \$4.00 each, free s&h

Mail order catalog for the small and independent press by Desert Moon Periodicals. "As zine buffs we are constantly prowling for unusual & obscure publications that cut through the spoon-fed reality of the dominant paradigm. We believe that a magazine that doesn't offend somebody cannot possibly interest anybody." An 82-page venue for counterculture — good stuff! \$3.25 refundable with first order.



### Menstat 2.0

...by Sudona

BORG-0050, \$99.00 each, 0.247kg

Fertility planning software for Mac; adapts to an individual's patterns. Easy to use graphical interface, lunar calendar, herbalism hypertext database, extended documentation as a health text. Check Susie Bright's review in Future Sex #2.



### Bondage Pigs earrings

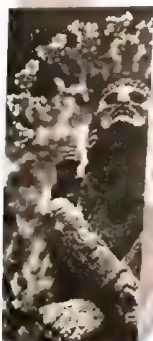
Bondage Hand dangles

Wicked Hand dangles

...by Bobe\*Link

WEAR-0040, \$15.00 each, 0.057kg

Designs by performance artist Rene Ciger. "Her sculptures...do have definite characteristics of that morbid, necrophile, apocalyptic style which we know from Giger...reminiscent of Mad Max, postnuclear science fiction or cyberpunk" lauds <> magazine. Featured by FAD, Mondo 2000, MTV, LOLLAPALOOZA and cover of bOING-bOING#11. Many "more" designs available, including body armor, neck pieces & other wire/rubber/gizmo jewelry.



### Xochi Speaks

...by Lord Nasel

CHEM-0020, \$14.00 each, 0.134kg

Color poster of Xochipilli, Aztec god of Flowers (wink, wink) w/ 16-page Guide to Psychedelics. Mondo 2000 #7 sez "Very neatly and artistically fills an educational niche." Info on taxonomy, cross tolerance, nutritional support, etc., partly excerpted in the public domain Xochi Stack for Hypercard.



### Day Dreamer

...by Alpha Odysseys

GROK-0010, \$14.95 each, 0.270kg

Made from purple plastic, this device vaguely resembles a diving mask...great for your next dive into the Neuroverse! You look toward the nearest star with eyes closed, then blow into a tube with long, deep breaths, causing the device's inner disk to rotate. Strobed natural light on closed eyelids produces photic stimulation, combines w/ paced breathing for a wonderfully vivid, kaleidoscopic experience. One of the most intense brain machines available for its low cost/performance — so long as you have sunlight and breath to invest in clearing your mental cobwebs. Called "the LSD flight simulator" by Timothy Leary.





#### FWR t-shirt

...by FringeWare Inc.

SKIN-0060, \$10.00 each, 0.273kg

Glow-in-the-dark on black cotton, FWR logo half-tone deconstruction, plus a motto on back. Designed by Monte McCarter. Let them know you care! XL size only.



ESPRIT

#### Electronic Brain Machines

...by Synthetic Systems

These wonderful, inexpensive, field-proven units are so good, they're becoming regulated & confiscated by the US Federal Gov't as if they were "drugs". That's the explanation...so rave chill rooms may go the way of the Branch Davidians. FDA = BATF = SS.



#### Mayan Calendars

...by Dolphin Software

BORG-0031, \$49.00 each, 0.247kg

Academic tour-de-force, written for exploring correlations between Maya/Western calenderic dates. Allows for various hypotheses about the Maya calendar...Not long ago it was 12.18.1996 in the Tikal system using correlation number 584,283, also called 1 Cimi 9 Yax, which PC anthropologists would call 13 Oct 92 CE, agreed by most modern astronomers to be Julian day number 2,448,909. BTW this provides an "interesting" way to encode a sequence of numbers one might care to protect.

#### Mind Mirror

...by KnowWare

GROK-0060, \$19.95 each, 0.071kg

ThoughtWare for Mind-tool or Mind-play from Timothy Leary. For cyborg use w/ your personal "thought processing appliance." DOS color psych self-analysis, 5.25 disk only, manual autographed by Dr. Leary 9Jan94.



#### Space/Time Fabric hats

...by Rolling Thunder

WEAR-0010, \$12.00 each, 0.085kg

Reversible patchwork floppy hats with recycled electronics buttons, and the esteemed FWI label. People will think you speak another language, regardless of where you go. Custom orders for fabric colors/motifs at no extra charge.



#### IBVA 1.5

...by Psychic Lab Inc.

GROK-0080, \$1295.00 each, free add'l Interactive Brainwave Analyzer system. A sensor head band radio-xmits signals to a state of the art EEG system for the Mac. 3D FFT software provides visual analysis in real-time and translates brain modalities into MIDI events, graphic animation, RS-422 control signals, etc. for brain wave controlled multimedia and VR. See PQM's review in Mondo 2000 #7.

2-Channel Upgrade kit (GROK-0081, \$1115) allows for two IBVA systems to be used in tandem. Tag-team EEG play with a grokuddy, or use two head bands to analyze left/right brain EEG simultaneously.



#### PowerGlove units

...by Mattel

We buy these, if they're in good condition and guaranteed by the seller.



#### Fractal stickers

...by Fractalman

MEME-0020, \$2.00 half-dozen, 0.014kg  
"The Coolest Little Fractal Stickers" Assorted color stickers showing Mandelbrot sets.



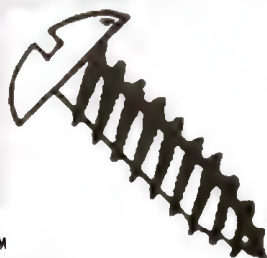


### Schwa t-shirt

...by Schwa

**SKIN-0040, \$15.00 each, 0.273kg**

Alien detector logo is xenon-coated so that it'll glow in the presence of aliens. Great early warning system in case of abduction. White on black cotton, plus glow in the dark. Black on white cotton version (SKIN-0041) provides alien detection with illustration. XL size only. "Not for the squeamish."



### Machine Screw

...by FringeWare inc.

**MEME-0060, \$1.95 dozen, 0.026kg**

Stickers with a machine screw logo, approx. 5cm square. Just about the same size as those ubiquitous "heart" stickers. You know what to do.



### Complete Schwa kit (vol.1)

### Complete Counter-Schwa kit (vol.2)

...by Schwa

**MEME-0200, \$15.00 each, 0.205kg**

"All the basic equipment for alien defense in one simple kit!" A brilliantly terrifying tale of alien abduction, told in a book that contains only symbols and illustrations. Kit also includes alien invasion survival keychain, cards, stickers... Factsheet Five sez: "Whitney Schrieber alien rapture conspiracy virus attack! Suicide = redemption = money." A perfect intro text for surveying the stealth landscape of paranoia, alienation and disappearance.

**NEW:** second volume, Counter-Schwa kit, provides memetic antidote for the above, but of questionable origins/intentions. Please be sure to specify which kit you must have immediately...



### Circuit Board Clipboard

...by tecnotes

**GZMO-0030, \$11.00 each, 0.366kg**

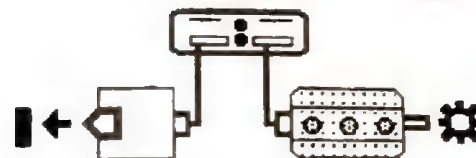
33x24cm clipboard made from recycled circuit boards. Colors and designs vary with sources.

**Circuit Board Binder**

...by tecnotes

**GZMO-0031, \$12.00 each, 0.563kg**

30x24cm 3-ring binder, w/ steel polyhinge. Made from recycled circuit boards. Colors and designs vary with sources.



### Hyperbot Interface kit

...by Bots

**GZMO-0110, \$290.00 each, free s&h**

Flexible robotic control and Hypercard tools for education. Very easy to learn and use, Mac-based graphical controller to build robots out of popular building kits: LEGO, Capsella, MOVIT, fisher-technik. Other "activity kits" available.



### Schwa Lunar Calendar

...by Schwa

**MEME-0203, \$5.00 each, 0.037kg**

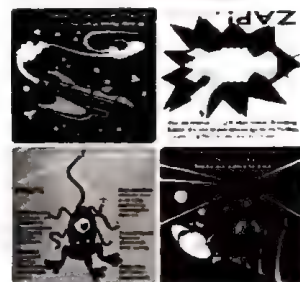
Disturbing 1994 Lunar calendar, 1x0.5m. "Keeps you informed of all important lunar events." With extremely cool illos. Terribly subtle.

### Car Conversion kit

...by Schwa

**MEME-0205, \$7.00 each, 0.099kg**

Why read when you could just sit and stare at things? Let people know that you know about Them. Unofficial car conversion kit with complete set of vehical stickers.



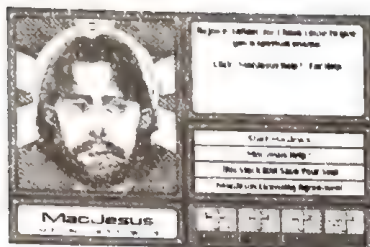
### World's Greatest Computer Disk stickers

...by Black Eye Design

**MEME-0080, \$2.95 each, 0.026kg**

That's right, these are really great. Each packet has 12 diskette labels, each with color artwork, infoblurbs and plenty of space left over for labeling your bytes. Five collections available: Sci Fi, Circus, Mystery, Smiles, Dinosaurs. Specify style collection with your order.



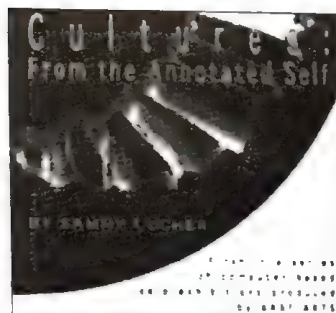


### MacJesus

...by Lamprey Systems

PLAY-0020, \$9.25 each, 0.043kg

"Your personal Saviour on a floppy disk." Claims to help give you "an inside track when dealing with the Creator Of The Universe." An interactive mano-a-mano with that special avatar, for personal evaluation/advice. Based on Hypercard 1.2 - with special thanks to Miss Fifi LaRoue for "helping write the really dirty stuff."



### Cultures: From the Annotated Self

...by BASEARTS

MELT-0080, \$15.00 each, 0.034kg

First in a series of disk-based solo exhibitions, this time featuring Sammy Cucher, who's work has shown at MOMA, Ars Electronica, etc. "Digital images...inquiring into the relationship between art and science...akin to automatic writing." Mac or PC. Other feature artists upcoming.



### Digital Psychic

...by Jeff Posey

GROK-0070, \$14.95 each, 0.031kg

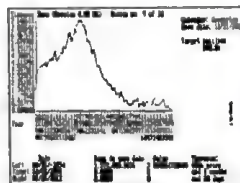
DOS software for digital seances. "Requires VGA graphics, mouse and a relaxed state of mind." Stonehenge pix for your visual/psychic pleasure. If you've ever used a Ouija board, then you know what to do...

### Blind Watchmaker

...by WW Norton

BORG-0020, \$10.95 each, 0.048kg

Evolutionary "biomorph" software for DOS or Macintosh, based on the Richard Dawkins book. A nifty, low-cost intro package that animates lessons about modern evolutionary theory.



### Timewave Zero

...by Dolphin Software

BORG-0032, \$49.00 each, 0.247kg

Hexagram #49: "The magician is the one who make the calendar." 'Tis high time for an "archaic revival"...this DOS software illustrates Terence McKenna's theoretical work on Novelty, Time and the end of history, i.e. Singularity. "A precision instrument for exploring the theory of time as a fractal wave derived from the King Wen Sequence of I Ching Hexagrams. Based on e.t. communications."



### Ambulance

...by Electronic Hollywood

MELT-0035, \$15.00 each, 0.037kg

Sound-tracked horror novel of five LA post-collegiate twenty-something posers. "Upon John's release from rehab, they crash their car in a deserted stretch of Hollywood Hills and get picked up by a serial killer masquerading as an ambulance driver." Non-linear story by Monica Moran lets you chose doors, windows to alter plot. Hyper-text links for plot clues, animation by Jaime Levy, artwork by Jaime Hernandez of Love and Rockets, soundtrack by Mike Watt. Requires: Mac w/ 6.0.7 or later, 2 Mb RAM, ships on 1.4 Mb floppy.

### FRED13 demo

...by Robitron Software Research

GZMO-0081, \$43.00 each, 0.085kg

Natural language one-liner dialog generator. AI used for the FRED13 topic of the "mondo" conference on the WELL. Has 12K phrase/response records, enough to hold a pretty loose conversation. Great for intelligent agents on a BBS; DOS or Unix. Another version (GZMO-0080, \$199.95 each, 0.185kg) also learns new phrases. Source licenses available.



### Sterling Cigarette Holders

...by Rolling Thunder

CHEM-0010, \$25.00 each, 0.014kg

Rat bastards have nearly outlawed all the fun...can't even find a decent gonzo cigarette holder anymore...So FWI asked to have a new line fabricated: sterling silver, just like Dr. HST employs. 15cm long, beveled lip. Specify polished or oxidized — "Tasty" sez PXN, with mumbled, slightly paranoid expression.

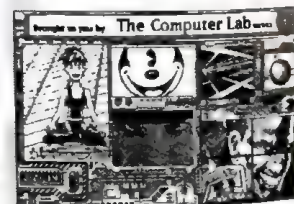


### PIECE t-shirt

...by GLOD

SKIN-0080, \$15.00 each, 0.273kg

"PIECE...be with you." Detroit piece-symbol. Ammo not included. Black on white cotton. XL size only. GOD + GOLD = GLOD.



### Beyond Cyberpunk stock v1.5

...by The Computer Lab

MELT-0001, \$35.00 each, 0.185kg

New Update! Multimedia tour-de-force of art, literature, thought and practice in a postmodern cyberpunk genre. "Like scuba diving in an Encyclopedia." Bruce Sterling, Richard Kadrey, Paul D. Filippo, Steve Brown, Hakim Bey, Rudy Rucker, Peter Sugarman, Gareth Branwyn and Mark Frauenfelder, and even other famous people working under pseudonyms, all cross linked via hypertext with industrial sound track, animation clips, digital book marks and a dictionary that pronounces its terms. "You may find yourself washed up onto an alien shore someday, and you'd better be ready." Requires HyperCard 2.x.

To Open • Lightly Sparkling • Limit One Coupon Per Purchase • Limited Time • Long-Lasting • Low In Fat • Made From Concentrate • Made With White Wine • Make It Chocolate • Makes 6-8 Sandwiches • Makes About 1-1/4 Ounces Sauce • Medicated Treatment Formula • Mega Hold • Membership Is Free • Mix With Food • Moisturizing • More Odor Fighters In Every Stroke • Multigrain For A Unique Taste • Names Used Are Fictitious • Natural Strength • Naturally Brewed • No Added Fat • No Bits Of Pulp • No Minimum Purchase Required • No Preservatives Added • No Soliciting • No Tropical Oils • Non-Carbonated • Non-Laxative/Non-Constipating • Not Animal Tested • Not Rated • Not Wet Or Sticky • Officially Graded • Oil Separation Is A Natural Process • One Touch Recording • Open Other Side • Original Scent • Pain Reliever • Parve • Passing The Shrimp • While Supplies Last • Offer Not Available By Phone • Offer Void Where Prohibited • Officially Graded • Oil Separation Is A Natural Process • One Touch Recording • Open Other Side • Original Scent • Pain Reliever • Parve • Passing The Shrimp



### Legion Of Doom t-shirt

...by Phrack

SKIN-0070, \$15.00 each, 0.273kg

Famed LOD "Internet World Tour" shirt flies again, with "Hacking For Jesus '91" on the back. Black on white cotton. XL size only.



### Voltar masks

...by Duran

WEAR-0030, \$25.00 each, 0.352kg

In the tense battles to protect Voltar, one of the last remaining M-class planets of a nearby star system, superhero Duran has produced electronically enhanced masks to protect Voltar agents. Crafted from recycled electronic scraps, blinking LED circuits, see-thru plastic mesh, sunglasses and velcro, these masks might help the wearer to perceive beyond the media mindwash. Fun at parties. Uses 4 watch batteries.

### Warewear earrings

...by Patty's Stuff

WEAR-0020, \$5.00 each, 0.023kg

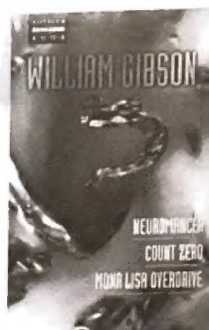
Computer chips recycled into jewelry. Earrings come in three designs: dangling on hooks, piercing on posts, and "puncture" (pierce with chip leads cut to look like a chip implant). Custom designs available on request; ask us for contact info.

### 2600 t-shirt

...by 2600

SKIN-0010, \$12.00 each, 0.273kg

White illo of the original Blue Box circuit diagram on black cotton cloth. XL size only. Captions sez: "This is what started it all..."



### Alien Invasion Survival card

...by Schwa

MEME-0201, \$1.00 each, 0.026kg

"Identify aliens instantly with the amazing Xenon coated identifier" on a keychain. Includes: abduction rangefinder, lost time detector, abduction rules, saucer viewer, etc. Includes a peephole so that you can see what happens when they don't think you are watching.

### Alien Invasion Survival poster

...by Schwa

MEME-0204, 4.00 each, 0.136kg

Curiously similar to above, but much larger. Unofficial wall-mounted version.

### Every Picture Tells A Lie

...by Schwa

MEME-0202, \$1.00 each, 0.004kg

5cm alien head sticker with "Every Picture Tells A Lie" motto. Help shape the future!



### DIS NET t-shirt

...by Dissemination Network

SKIN-0030, \$12.00 each, 0.273kg

Info-theoretic media samples, guerilla semiotics (see CD's). Glow-in-the-dark on black cloth. XL size only. Designs may mutate over time.



### Cyber Rag I

Cyber Rag II

Cyber Rag III

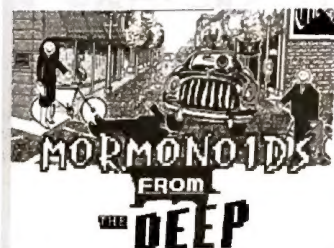
Electronic Hollywood I

Electronic Hollywood II

...by Electronic Hollywood

MELT-0030, \$6.00 each, 0.037kg

Mac electronic publications from premiere techno-punk electronic zinester Jaime Levy. Mondo 2000 #7: "Angst animations, premenstrual poetry, rambunctious reviews, seductive sound samples" as well as subversive info for all. Started out as a student project that frankly just took over. Electronic muchomedia with cutting insight, captivating production and a severe attitude! Each issue editorializes the frustrations of big city life from a Post-Boomer POV as La Editrix wanders from NYC to SF to LA to NYC to SF to LA to...



### Mormonoids From The Deep

...by Lamprey Systems

PLAY-0021, \$9.25 each, 0.043kg

A 2 disk set for one of the best adventure games on the Mac, depending on your tastes: you have a .45, a nuclear detonator, a rapidly waning collection of beers as lifeblood and you're stuck in a small, sociopathic Mormon town in northern Utah. What do you do next?

### Expanded Books

Neuromancer, Count Zero, Mona Lisa Overdrive

The Complete Annotated Alice

The Complete Hitchhiker's Guide

Genius: Life & Science of R. Feynman

Jurassic Park (w/ sounds)

Amusing Ourselves To Death / Brave New World

Asimov Complete Stories, vol. 1

...by Voyager Company

MELT-0100, \$18.00 each, 0.088kg

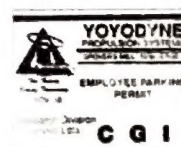
Mac software for electronic versions of popular novels with illustrations, sounds, hypertext links, digital bookmarks and even hidden extras in the stories. Run word and phrase searches, add margin comments and end notes, highlight text, etc. "Electronic text is a dynamic medium that enables you to become a more active reader." Requires: System 6.0.7 or later w/ 31cm or larger monitor, HyperCard 2.1, 1.4 Mb disks.

### MacSpudd!

...by Lamprey Systems

PLAY-0022, \$12.25 each, 0.185kg

In the closing days of the 20th century, a major portion of the world's oil reserves are accidentally destroyed during a limited nuclear exchange between South Yemen and Liechtenstein. Alas, a French firm named Herpes Simploxx converts potatoes into ethanol, giving rise to wealth, relative danger in Celibate Idaho. Mac, 2 disks. You will!



### Yoyodyne Parking Permit

...by Pegasus Publishing

MEME-0030, \$1.50 each, 0.003kg

Now you can safely park your vehicle in any of the eight dimensional slots. Transparent decal, 8x10cm.



## Gretchen Phillips

Experience



### Welcome To My World and a Half tape

...by Gretchen Phillips Experience

MUSE-0040, \$7.00 each, 0.065kg

Gretch Phillips invitingly calls your name, beckons with one crooked finger, and then says in a sultry voice, "Welcome to My World And a Half."

liquid mice



### Aqua Rodentia tape

...by Liquid Mice

MUSE-0050, \$7.00 each, 0.065kg

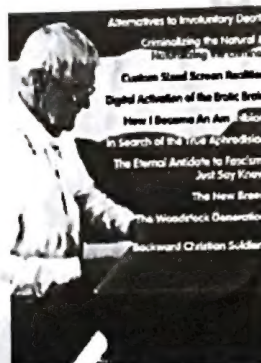
Experimental jazz from a fine, fine blend of minds, now on Monkey Boy Records. See Mondo #11 for Jon's review.

### Timothy Leary's Greatest Hits

...by KnoWare

BOOK-0010, \$15.00 each, 0.247kg

Signed, limited edition of monographs including: Alternatives to Involuntary Death, Criminalizing the Natural & Naturalizing the Criminal, How I Became An Amphibian, The Eternal Antidote to Facism: Just Say Know, and more!

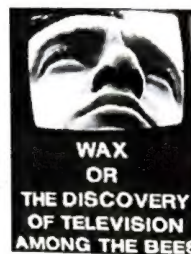


### Alien Dreamtime

...by ROSE\*Media House

NTSC-0030, \$20.00 each, 0.335kg

Tape of a live multimedia event in SF, 26-27 Feb 93. Designed to recreate a good trip; definite must-see for any true head. Can u say "aliens"... "visuals"... "singularity"? Terence McKenna rants in tongues better than Robert Tilton, recounting the DMT elven/alien lingo, rapping his ethnobotanical theories "Archaic Revival", "Alien Love" & "Time Wave Zero" during a rave, with live video scratching by ROSE\*X, techno loops by Space Time Continuum, didgeridoo by Stephen Kent. 60 min.



### WAX

...by First Run Features

NTSC-0010, \$59.95 each, 0.335kg

A mere 2000 dissolves, produced by David Blair, trace the revenge of the dead through alien contacts, occultist NASA hacker reincarnation and nuclear weapons tests into the realm of bee television. "Authentically peculiar...like something from the network vaults of an alternate universe" sez William Gibson. 85 min.

### Flux Oersted tape

...by Robitron Software Research

MUSE-0030, \$4.00 each, 0.065kg

Music from the fringes of the electromagnetic field. Subversive, computer augmented songs recorded by robitron aka Flux Oersted.

### Unshaved Truths

...by FringeWare Inc.

ZINE-000x, \$5 each, 0.156kg

Issue#3 (ZINE-0004) "Austin's foremost contribution to zine kulchur..." Gorzo fiction and high weirdness that features: Don Webb, Jerod Pore, Wendy Wheeler, Peter Meyer, Carlos Rumbaut, Robert Glenn & more! Edited by Jon Lebkowsky.

Issue#4 (ZINE-0004) Cyborganic gorzo fiction: "network, elves, horses, dreams, elevator, carcass, dallas, morphs". Don Webb, Wendy Wheeler, Jon Lebkowsky, Milton Gomez, C.A. Rumbaut and more.

### Fringe Ware Review

...by FringeWare Inc.

ZINE-001x, \$5.00 each, 0.148kg

Premier issue (ZINE-0011) Survival on the margins of cyberspace. Tom Jennings, Bob Black, gorzo fiction by Don Webb, etc.

Survival Issue (ZINE-0012) Cyborganic, Applied Memetics, Info Economics, etc. Mindfood truck-stop on the Information Superhighway.

Environmental Issue (ZINE-0013) David Blair on WAX, Don Webb, Erika Whiteway and more on media environs. Ivan Stang i.v. by Wiley Wiggins. Awarded "Editor's Choice" by Factsheet Five.

Psyberchix Issue (ZINE-0014) Special guest editors Erika Whiteway and Tiffany Lee Brown on gender viz. virtual community and media.



### Transmissions 1991-1993 CD

...by Dissemiation Network

MUSE-0010, \$10.00 each, 0.108kg

Texas' premier Tek-Know video scratch artists. "Gorilla media terrorism from the high-tech underground". No frontmen, no guitars: lets media samples & scratches do the talking over loops... "It's about the Information". Public Enemy meets Front 242, online, compared with Aeon, Consolidated, Meat Beat.

Seasoning • See Back Of Box • See Copy On Side Panel • See Page 4 For Our Valuable Offer • See Safety Tip On Back • Serve Chilled • Serve Immediately • Serve Over Fish • Shake Well Before Using • Shampoo And Rinse Thoroughly • Shred Resistant • Soft Eject • Spray From At Least 8 Feet Away • Sprinkle Lightly • Stand Back • Starter Pak • Store Cap In Base During Use • Store In A Cool, Dry Place • Strengthens Hair • Subject To Change Without Notice • Subscribe Now • Suggested Serving • Super Value Size • Tamper-Evident Bottle Cap • Tear Here To Open • Temporarily Lower Price • Temporarily Out Of Order • Temporarily Relieves Nasal Congestion • The Power To Kill Twice As Many Flies • This Does Not Supply Inade • This Ends Up • Toss Lightly • Unbalanced Load • Under These Conditions, Consult A Physician • Unsweetened • Use Daily For Effective Odor Protection • Use This Number In All Correspondence • Violators Will Be Prosecuted



# mission statement

*Neotribalism in the Global Village...* FringeWare, Inc. (FWI) is a small commercial enterprise dedicated to community development around a fringe marketplace where the edges of diverse alternative cultures intersect. We feel that the market is the core of any community, and sick markets mean sick communities...just look around.

FringeWare acknowledges the essential importance of trade, but our mission is to create a context for E.F. Schumacher's "Economics as if People Mattered."

*What's in the Fringe Market?* We focus on publications, events, and products that we find interesting, fun, and enlightening...we engage in the following business activities:

- \* Publishing printed and electronic periodicals, including *Fringe Ware Review* (ISSN 1069-5656) and *Unshaved Truths* (ISSN 1075-4458)
- \* Operating a retail outlet and a mail order service, selling *street tech*, *software*, *gizmos*, *wearable subversive memes*, etc.
- \* Hosting an *Internet* mailing list for information from/about the cultural and technological fringes and providing an automated list server for FWI archives. See p.1 for details...
- \* Organizing events in cooperation with other firms and organizations on the Fringes

We're learning that people can survive quite nicely without huge corporations, huge governments, and huge dogmas pushing their lives. So here is the FringeWare alternative:

*Start your own corporation.* Trade with other like-minded people throughout the Global Village. Encourage innovation and promote entrepreneurship. Promote fair, cooperative business practices. Emphasize products that facilitate creativity, health, and play. Explore consciousness alternatives. Build community through advanced, available technologies, e.g. computer networks. Respect and consider the natural environment by promoting sustainable resource use. Have fun, be weird, and make what it takes to survive.

Welcome to the Fringes of art, technology, and society. From here innovation emerges, and here survival, through cooperation and use of the unexpected, counts. Thanx!

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